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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEATH has this season been busy in the high places; the destroyer can go no higher now: Sir Walter Scott is dead, and laid in his grave, in Dryburgh kirkyard, and the spirit

Who rivalled all but Shakspere here below,
is gone to mix with the Homers and the Tassos and the Miltons. But a little while ago he was living and delighting his friends with his conversation, and the world with his works—and now he is silenceed for ever, and passed from among us. The manner of his going is the saddest story that has ever been told of a son of genius. He made himself responsible for immense debts which he did not, strictly speaking, contract; he refused to become a bankrupt, considering, like the elder Osbaldistone of his own immortal pages, commercial honour as dear as any other honour, and set himself the colossal task of paying every penny of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. In six short years—are we writing truth or fiction?—he paid sixty thousand pounds of that money by his genius alone; but he crushed his spirit in the gigantic struggle; or, in plain words, sacrificed himself in the attempt to restore his broken fortunes. By the terms of the arrangement which Sir Walter made with his creditors, Abbotsford will be sold to pay the residue of the debt. This must not be; the profane hammer of an auctioneer must not be heard in our temple of the muses. Shall we bring upon ourselves infamy that cannot die, and be made a mockery and a wonder among nations for the sake of sixty thousand pounds? Let the country which he has enriched as much as he has adorned, fulfil the engagement of its illustrious son. Britain owes him millions; we call upon her to pay a small portion of the debt, and win back Abbotsford—houses and lands—to the children of the poet for ever and ever. This can give no offence to any one, and it cannot but gratify millions. This question lies between the country—the heirs of Scott's fame, the sharers in his glory—and his immediate creditors. We call, therefore, upon the country at large to bestir itself; we call upon the titled of the land to head the subscription as they ought—and to do it immediately, lest humbler men commence it, and deprive them of the post of honour. For ourselves we lay down ten guineas, and hope to have to pay them before these sheets are dry—for we assuredly never laid out money more worthily. The *Times* newspaper, with its usual energy and proper warmth, is of our opinion, we observe: and we trust, that, before our Memoir makes its appearance next week, the subscription will be full and complete. We need not add, that the family of the poet know nothing of this: their feeling of independence is as

strong as their illustrious father's; but, as we said before, the question lies between the country and Sir Walter's creditors, and we have no doubt that it will be satisfactorily settled.

REVIEWS

Zohrab the Hostage. By the Author of 'Hajji Baba.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

The Persians have what they call a false dawn, or twilight. They suppose that this phenomenon arises from the circumstance of the sun passing through a certain aperture in the mountains some time before it ascends above the horizon. 'Zohrab' may be compared to this optical illusion. We must confess, that when we read the very flattering review of this novel, so many weeks before the appearance of the work itself, a suspicion crossed our minds, that this unnatural dandalion into notice betrayed a rickettness in the offspring. To be serious: this holding out of false lights—this system of puffing—has gone on increasing to an extent that is disgraceful to the publisher, and an insult to the understandings of the public; and we hold, that if this contraband trading be not thoroughly exposed, it must in the end be ruinous to all sound literature and criticism.

There is no country about which so much has been written, and, till the publication of 'Hajji Baba,' so little was really known, as Persia. We used once to depict it in all the glowing colours of oriental fable, as a land of diamonds and emeralds—as breathing with the most aromatic gums and spices—as possessing looms, whose fabrics were as unrivalled as those of Tyre and Sidon of old. We had accustomed ourselves, from that delight of our boyhood, the 'Arabian Nights,' to revel in the splendour of its processions and courts—it's enchanted palaces, inlaid with the finest marbles—it's luxurious gardens—it's baths and fountains—and to feast our imaginations on the loves of the Rose and the Nightingale, as told in the mystic and metaphorical language of Hafiz. We are unwilling to have our early illusions questioned or destroyed. It was for Mr. Morier to complete this invidious task.

It is true, that many intelligent travellers, from Chardin to Fraser, had traversed the widely-extended provinces of that empire, from the borders of Armenia to Astarabad, and taken us to Tehran, and Bokara, and Samarcand, and Shiraz, and the ruins of the ancient Persepolis; but their journeys (witness the fate of Mr. Brown) were always accompanied with danger from Eels, and Turcomans, and other predatory hordes; and the stay of these visitors was too short to make us intimate with the customs and manners of that primitive and semi-barbarous

people. Persia is no land of romance, but a sad reality. It much resembles, in its features, the Morea. It presents a succession of arid mountains and grey rocks, with patches here and there of short-lived verdure, that render the scene, if we except the borders of Armenia, the banks of the Caspian, and a few isolated tracts, only the more bleak and desolate; and their towns and cities consist of low mud houses, fenced about by jealous mud walls, and are seldom distinguished by mosques or minarets of magnificence, such as we meet with in other parts of the East.

Even in the environs of the cities, the formal poplar and still more formal cypress are almost the only trees; whilst man, from an uninterrupted continuance of misgovernment, has degenerated into two classes—the tyrant and the slave.

What materials does such an unhappy country afford for awakening any interest that comes home to the better feelings of humanity?—But we anticipate.

However it may be the duty of the historian to hold up to the execration of his species, the Ishmaels, and Molu Mulochs, and Christiens of past times, such characters come not within the scope or province of the novel-writer. Voltaire has been justly blamed for his treatment of Mahomet, and might perhaps have been even more so, for selecting that subject for a tragedy; and if our author considered he had no delicacy to observe, as regarded one who so lately filled the throne of Persia, we are not exactly reconciled to his blending history and fiction in such a way, that we know not where one begins and the other ends. Though we have no respect for tyrants, justice requires their crimes should not be exaggerated, much less crimes invented, to serve the purposes of a novelist; but even admitting the late Shah to have been the monster of iniquity depicted in the pages before us, many may be of opinion that little utility can arise,—certainly no gratification or entertainment (the principal end and aim of novels,)—from that anatomical dissection in which Mr. Morier's scalping-knife delights—from laying bare to his readers the sickening wickedness of Aga Mahomed.

Such subjects have been very properly exiled from the stage; and our nerves are scarcely strong enough to bear the dreadful and appalling spectacles displayed in almost every page of these volumes. It may be, that our author has resided in that country till the relation of such horrors has ceased to shock his ears, till they have become familiar to his eyes, and conscious that his forte lies, like Chateaubriand's in the Natchez, in this sort of writing, is not aware of the impression it produces on us.

The name of this historico-novel should

have been Aga Mohamed—his *exploits* occupying the far greater portion of it. To give a notion of his character, we shall extract a scene wherein, after having long hesitated, like a coiled and venomous snake, whether to dart upon his unconscious prey, in the shape of an amiable boy, the present Shah, for having in a hunting party shown greater dexterity than himself, we find them thus engaged in an interview:—

"Do you see this?" said the King, as he deliberately unfolded the abominable rag, his face at the same time taking an expression which would have appalled even a demon. Fattéh Ali, with fixed muscles and blanched cheeks, stared wildly at the horrid exposure.

"Boy," said the King, with increased earnestness, "does not this blood speak?" Fattéh Ali could only answer with looks of astonishment. "Speak, boy," said the tyrant, "do you know this?"

"God forgive me," he answered, the words almost choking his utterance, "I know nothing of blood."

"Ill-fated that thou art!" exclaimed the Shah, "this blood is the blood of thy father."

"At this a deadly hue overspread the cheeks of the sensitive youth, and a tremor convulsed his frame. "My father!" he exclaimed."

Horrible as this revelation is, it is scarcely surpassed by his wanton spilling of the blood of his chief huntsman, for inadvertently appearing in the presence without taking off his boots, and the manner in which that act is related:—

"The heavy corpse fell with a crash on one side, whilst the head bounded towards the despot, the eyes glaring horribly, the tongue protruded to a frightful length, and streams of gore flowing and spouting in all directions."

But the acme of our loathing was the Kat-i-aum, or *maund* of eyes exacted by the Shah from the captured city of Asterabad—the siege of which, however, never took place during his reign, as confessed by Mr. Morier, and might as well have been left uninvented, answering, as it does, no other purpose than that of swelling out almost an entire volume.

A wretch of an executioner, a savage of most ferocious aspect, his arms bared to the shoulders, his hands crimson with blood, and his beard clotted with foam, had just brought in a tray covered with eyes, and placed them before the Shah. There he stood, in an attitude of exultation, expecting the usual donation. The Shah, contemplating the horrid objects for some time, at length drew his small riding whip from his girdle, and with the handle thereof began to count them, telling them off by pairs, and in doing this, he broke out into the following soliloquy. "O Allah! is it in truth right and just to continue thus to send thy wrath upon an offending and rebellious people?"

One's flesh creeps at the bare thought, much more at the detailed mention, of these enormities. That a monster such as Aga Mohamed should ever have existed—a being whose life seems to have been one tissue of abominations—seems scarcely conceivable (for the worst of men have some virtues); but his *worthy* favourite, a hideous hunchback barber, exceeds even all we can conceive of villainy, by his betraying, without any ostensible motive, his master for a few tomrauns. Nor are the other personages belonging to the court, created, as Mr. Morier says, for the purpose of the tale, a whit more amiable than the *Goozoo*, with the exception of the prime minister. The only hero among the Persians is strangely enough painted as an arrant fop

and ridiculous coxcomb; and, in one part of the history, subjected to the bastinado, which is considered, we are told, as an honour in Persia. The humour of this Beg Ali Khan is lost upon us; and the Persian modes of expression, and the continual repetition of the same hyperbolical and vulgar orientalisms, have much to disgust, little to make us laugh. As a specimen of female wit,—and it must be remembered that this dialogue takes place before the Shah's niece in the harem,—we quote the following paragraphs:

"Our Princess knows," said the female tent-pitcher in chief, "that if he be the father of *shaitans* [devils] she is the mother:—wonderful things are said of her. She herself superintends a bastinado—*ajed zering ast*:—she is activity itself!"

"It is said of her," added another, "that she has the intelligence of a Vizir; that she directs the whole of her father's house, and even superintends the stables."

"She knows the age of a camel," said the Lady moonshee, "better than a camel-driver; and will tell the *mirakhor* when and where he ought to bleed a sick horse better than the farrier."

To analyze this novel would take very few sentences; for were not three volumes thought profitable, its matter might very easily have been compressed into one. It is meant to be the story of the loves of Zohrab and Amima. The parts, however, that the hero and heroine occupy, are subordinate ones, particularly the latter, who, before the end of the second volume, is rather awkwardly left in the desert with a blind man, who turns out to be her supposed murdered father, and brother of the Shah; and she does not appear again but as a bride, at the winding up of the whole. The description of the Great Salt Desert, (over which she is hurried,) though it has been already better done in "The Crusaders," by Sir Walter Scott, is very graphic.

One of the most characteristic personages seemed to us the counterfeit dervise (the father of Zohrab), Hezzarpichel, for whose apophthegms and verses Mr. Morier is probably much indebted to Ferdouzi, Sadi, or Jami, as well as for Zulma's fable of the writing in the Coran; and, though we can scarcely pardon Zohrab for not returning to Tehran after the discovery of his having left in the chamber the sacred gift and present fatal to Amima, (the armlet,) his escape with the dervise from that city is not ill painted, as will appear by the following extract.

"Having ascertained beforehand what road to take, they sealed the first wall, hastily glided over an adjacent terrace of the chief executioner's house, which was situated close under the city walls, and throwing themselves into a deep shade, they took a survey of the nearest watch towers, in order to discover what sentries might be on the alert. The moon by this time had entirely disappeared behind the lofty Alborz; dead stillness reigned throughout the city. 'We will wait for the next challenge from the sentries, and then descend,' said Zaul Khan. They perceived that within ten yards of the place where they stood, was planted one of the three pieces of artillery which served to guard the citadel, and Zaul, perceiving that the parapet threw a deep shadow inwardly, immediately crept close to it, followed by his son, until they came to where the gun threw a still darker shade. All at once they heard from the adjacent tower the cry of 'hazir,' which was echoed and

repeated from one tower to the other quite round the battlements. Zaul then said in the lowest whisper, 'be now ready—all depends upon this moment.' He then unloosed one end of the long rope that was wound round his body, and lashed it firmly to the gun carriage, then having waited a certain time to allow the cries of the sentries to subside: 'Now, wretches! sleep on!' exclaimed he; 'ye think ye have done your duty, with your drowsy *hazir* thrown from your throat; but Zohrab is ours—*Allah, Allah*, protect us.'

"Upon that they both crept through the mouth of the embrasure, and lowering the rope down the side of the fortification, they found that nothing could be more just to its measure than its length to the height of the wall. Zaul made his son proceed the first, who, with cautious step, hand under hand, gradually descended into the very depths of the dry ditch, and landed in safety; he followed, and finding themselves at the bottom, in safety and at liberty, by mutual impulse they threw themselves into each other's arms, and again and again thanked Heaven for their safe deliverance.

"It was at this moment that Zohrab, putting his hand to his arm to feel whether the armlet, that sacred gift of his beloved Amima, was safe, found it not there. A deadly apprehension overcame him as he felt over his person, but he found it not: his agitation was immediately remarked by his father, who said, 'What has happened—speak?' 'Oh,' said the grief-struck youth, 'it is lost: let me return—she dies if it be found!'—he was so overpowered by this thought that he trembled from head to foot, and so entirely unmanned was he, that it was with difficulty he could support himself. 'Whatever it is,' said the inexorable father, 'lost it must be—to return is impossible: let us on!'

"'My father!' exclaimed the youth, 'did you but know all, you would pity and help me.'

"'I do know all,' said the Khan. 'I would help you, but it is too late—we cannot return: be yourself, my son!'

"'I will give up anything; but, oh! what will become of her.'

"'Zohrab,' said his father, 'again I say come on; this is not worthy of you.' Then with difficulty at length he persuaded the reluctant youth to advance, who, finding that it was now impossible to return, allowed himself to be carried onwards by his father's impetuosity.

"To escape from the depths of the ditch, which was broken and rugged, and easy of access in many parts, was the business of a few minutes, and when once fairly landed on the plain, the father proceeded with a quick step through the cultivated fields, until they reached a certain tree, where, to Zohrab's surprise, they found a man awaiting them with three horses. Without a moment's delay they mounted, and were soon in rapid motion on the high road to Mazanderan. Zohrab, in other circumstances, would have been frantic with joy at finding himself once again on a saddle, but the loss of his armlet, which compromised the safety of his Amima, in case it should be found in his apartment, depressed his spirits, and bore down his mind with the most dismal forebodings. His father said but little, and hurried anxiously onwards, keeping the road during the darkness of night, but striking into the untrodden country as the morning dawned. They travelled without drawing bridle until the close of the succeeding day, when, having passed Firouzabad, and the well-known passes of the *Teng Shemshir-bir*, they struck into one of the deep dells which lead into the forests of Mazanderan."

Mr. Morier's talent is essentially undramatic. He is frequently tedious, and gives a *résumé*, or narrative, of what he has already told us in dialogue. The assassination of the tyrant is weakly penned: where

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details and finished drawing were required, we find only a slight and feeble sketch; whilst in those scenes where we expected the excitement of a tender interest, as between Fathé Ali and his sister, and Zohrab and Amina, he has completely failed.

The prison scene between Zulma and Zohrab, reminds us of the Corsair; but it only reminds us of it.

In the delineations of female beauty and delicacy, as in his landscapes, we are generally disappointed. The latter do not form intelligible pictures either in outline or accessories.

We must make some remarks on the inconsistencies, nay, absurdities, of the story. That, at the sign of Zohrab, his dog should leave his master, and return to Asterabad, surpasses the instinct of that animal, however intelligent. Of the same preposterous kind is the non-recognition by the suspicious Shah of his niece and her attendant, when Zohrab broke the *corook*; nor less so his entrance into the harem, his escape therefrom, and Amina's seeing him "*descend in safety on his terrace*." That Zohrab, too, should have ventured to beard the tiger in his own den, and have ventured to call him "base dog," and yet have outlived the utterance of such an expression, is inconceivable—not from our knowledge of Aga Mohamed, but our conception of any Shah of Persia.

That there are some good chapters in these volumes cannot be denied; but the story is ill connected and ill sustained, and excites little interest; and as it is full of Persian words, to explain which there is no glossary, must be mysterious indeed to the generality of readers. Mr. Morier exhausted all his better materials in his former work, and now seems only to have written from memory. This was not the case with 'Hajji Baba': it might have been mistaken by a Persian for a native production, which can never be said of Zohrab.

L'Hermite au Palais—Mœurs Judiciaires du dix-neuvième Siècle. Par l'Auteur des 'Mémoires d'un Pâge.' 2 vols. Paris: Verney, and Guyot.

This little work gives, in a series of short and pleasing papers, an interesting account of everything connected with the administration of justice in France. Bench of judges, advocates, *avoués* or attorneys, huissiers, executioners, jailers, clients, prisoners, court-houses, prisons, pillory, and guillotine—all find a place in these two small volumes, which, had their contents been submitted to the book-making process of some of the manufacturers on this side of the water, would, perhaps, have swelled into three of much larger size. We purpose to translate, for the entertainment of our readers, some of the best papers of 'L'Hermite au Palais,' and shall begin with the one entitled

The Vagabond.

"Come, old one!" said Piquart, one of the turnkeys of the prison at Versailles, thrusting a huge key into the lock of a small but massive door, which opened into a dark cell: "Come, get up—the time is come, and the gentlemen are waiting for you."

"What, already?" replied a man lying at the further end of the cell upon a heap of straw; and stretching his muscular limbs, he added, "What a pity! I was so sound asleep!"

"He rose, shook the bits of straw from his

hair and beard, and putting on the remains of an old hat, which had once been white, calmly said, "Well, I am ready: the sooner it is over the better."

"The executioner, who was waiting with one of his assistants in the outer vestibule of the prison, threw an oblique glance upon the prisoner, then, looking at his watch, exclaimed, 'Come, Master Piquart, make haste! we are already after our time—the market is nearly over.'

"'Oh! but you have not far to go,' replied the turnkey.

"Then addressing the prisoner—"Old one," said he, "it will soon be over, and the weather is fine. Here, take this—it will keep up your spirits." And he handed him a glass of brandy, which the prisoner tossed off with evident delight.

"'Thanks, father Piquart,' he replied, returning the glass to the good-natured turnkey; "I shall never forget your kindness."

"'Well, well,' said the latter, "that's settled. Never mind what I do for you, man—it is little enough, God knows—only behave well;—dost hear?'

"The executioner's man drew from his pocket a long and strong cord with a slip knot at the end, and tightly tied the hands of the convict, who calmly looked at him, and said not a word. The executioner himself carried a board, on which was a sort of notice, partly printed and partly written; and all three proceeded slowly towards the market-place, where the prisoner was to be placed in the pillory for one hour, and exposed to the gibes and taunts of an almost ferocious populace.

"From the scaffold, to which he was fastened, the old mendicant cast a look of pity upon the crowd, and said—

"'Well, and what are you looking at? Am I an object of such intense curiosity? But you are right. Look at me well, for you shall never more behold me. I shall not return from the place to which they are going to take me,—not that I fear a dungeon, for I have been long accustomed to have no other bed than the cold ground. No, I shall return hither no more; and I should have done well had I not returned this time. But I could not help it. I was born here, though I never told anybody so; and I love the spot where I first drew breath. 'Tis natural enough: yet why should I love it? I never knew either home or parents:—the latter left me, when an infant, upon the steps of the church of St. Louis.'

"Here the sun-burnt countenance of the old mendicant assumed an expression of bitterness. "Who knows," he continued, "but I may have among you some uncles or cousins—perhaps even nearer relatives?"

"The crowd gathered round the scaffold, listening to the words of the mendicant.

"'And my excellent father,' said the latter, "what a pity he is not here to own me! Perhaps he would be delighted at the elevation to which I have attained. For my own part, I never had a son; but if I had, I would not have deserted him. He should never have been able to reproach me with being the author of his misery. The other day I was hungry—I asked for a bit of bread—everybody refused to give me the smallest morsel; and that is the reason why I am here.'

"As the old man uttered the last sentence, his head fell upon his chest, and he wept.

"At length the executioner returned, accompanied by his assistant, who carried upon his shoulders a furnace, in which was an iron instrument with a long wooden handle. Both ascended the scaffold, and placed themselves behind the mendicant. The crowd drew nearer. The executioner's man laid the mendicant's shoulder bare, whilst the executioner himself

stooped and took up the instrument. The poor convict shuddered, uttered a plaintive cry, a light smoke arose, and the ignominious letter was imprinted for ever.

"The poor man, scarcely able to stand, was helped from the scaffold, and conveyed back to his prison through the crowd, who pressed upon his passage to glut upon his sufferings.

"Old Baptist,—that was the mendicant's name,—was well known in the department of Seine et Oise; but nobody could tell who he was, whence he came, nor who his parents were. About fifteen years previous, just after the restoration, he had appeared in the country for the first time. He then asked questions, and seemed in pursuit of information on secret matters, of which nobody could penetrate the motive. After some time, he appeared to suffer much, as if from disappointment, and then disappeared. About two years before the period of our narrative, he again made his appearance at Versailles, very much altered, and looking much older. Fortune had not smiled upon him during his absence, for he went away a poor man and returned a mendicant.

"No one knew where he had been, or how he had lived during this interval. It was supposed that, previously to his first appearance at Versailles, he had travelled a great deal, and even borne arms; for of late years, whenever he obtained the favour of a night's lodging in a barn, he would repay this hospitality by descriptions of foreign countries and accounts of bloody conflicts.

"On the day after his exposure in the pillory, as above related, the following particulars concerning him were made known:—

"One evening, faint with hunger and fatigue, after having begged through the environs of Versailles, without once obtaining alms, and his wallet having been empty for the two preceding days, he had stopped at the door of one of those elegant habitations which overlook the heights of Rocquencourt.

"Having begged a shelter for the night, and a morsel of bread, both were refused him, and he was rudely driven from the door. Leaning upon his stick, he slowly quitted the inhospitable mansion, and with difficulty gained a part of the demesne laid out in the English style of landscape gardening. Taking shelter under a thick clump of trees, he laid himself upon the grass to die with the least possible pain.

"The autumn had already begun. The grass was wet—the wind whistled through the trees, already in part stripped of their leaves—all around was pitchy dark, and everything seemed to announce an inclement night. Cramped with cold, he felt the most unconquerable gnawings of hunger. Could he but sleep, he thought, perhaps the next day might prove less unfavourable than the two preceding ones. But sleep refused the call, and the poor mendicant suffered the most cruel pangs. Unable to bear them any longer, he rose, took his stick, and returned to the mansion.

"He had observed an angle of the wall which could be easily scaled, and a window badly closed. It was late, the night was dark, and he might perhaps find a bit of bread. At least, he determined to try.

"The house was inhabited by an old man of more than eighty—a rich miser, who lived alone, like many of those who go to spend their last days at Versailles. He had perceived the mendicant, and had seen him take refuge under the clump of trees. He ordered his servants to watch him, and scarcely had poor Baptist opened the window, when he was seized, handcuffed, and taken to Versailles, where he was thrown into prison. There, at least, he found shelter, and a bit of bread to eat, which Piquart, the turnkey, gave him from humanity.

"At the expiration of six months, the men-

dicant was convicted at the assizes of the department of Seine et Oise. His sentence was the galleys for fifteen years, and to be previously exposed and branded. He had entered a house at night for the purpose of theft, and with deadly weapons—the possession of the knife, which he usually carried in his pocket, and was found there, being thus interpreted.

"A month had already elapsed since he had been publicly branded, and poor Baptist seemed patiently waiting for the time when he was to be sent to his destination at Toulon. He always said that he would not go, and Piquart did not contradict him.

"One evening, a small iron lamp upon a shelf, suspended from the wall by a cord on each side, threw a weak and vacillating light upon the gloom of a cell in the prison of Versailles.

"Upon a straw matrass, half covered with an old patched blanket, lay a man apparently overcome with weakness and despair. His face was turned towards the wall. An earthen jug without a spout was near him, and close to it a wooden bowl filled with soup.

"Poor Baptist will never get over it," said Piquart, in the corridor, speaking to some one to whom he was showing the way. "But it is his own fault; he would not remain in the infirmary. The fact is, Monsieur le Curé, ever since he exhibited upon the little stage, about a month ago—curse this lock, it would sprain the wrist of the devil himself!"

"Peace, my friend," replied a mild voice, "do not swear—it is an offence against God."

"The door of the prison was at length opened, and the turnkey ushered in a venerable priest, the chaplain of the prison.

"Hollo, old one!" cried Piquart, "take heart, man. Here is a visitor—here is Monsieur le Curé come to see you."

The mendicant made no reply.

"My friend," said the minister of the gospel, "I am one of your brethren in Christ, and I bring you words of peace and consolation. Hear me, in the name of our Lord Jesus, who died on the cross to atone for our sins.... He suffered more than you; and it depends upon yourself to be one day happy, and to dwell with him in eternal life."

"Still the prisoner spoke not.

"He sleeps," said the kind-hearted turnkey. "If your reverence will but wait a moment, I will awake him." And he shook the mendicant, but in vain—the latter stirred not. "Oh! oh!" said Piquart, leaning over him; "but it is all over with him: he has slipped his wind—the poor fellow's as dead as a door-post."

"And, in fact, the unfortunate Baptist had ceased to live a few moments after he had been removed that very morning, at his own request, from the infirmary to his old cell.

"Is the poor man really dead?" inquired the priest.

"Dead as a pickled herring, your reverence."

"And without confession!—unhappy man!"

"And the good priest knelt upon the cold flag stones, and prayed with fervour for the soul of the deceased mendicant.

"Next day, the wealthy owner of the mansion was reclining in an easy chair, his tortured limbs writhing with agony on the cushions of down by which they were supported. His physician in attendance was seated near him.

"I find myself worse to-day, doctor: I am weaker than I have yet been, and I feel something which I cannot define."

"At your age, my dear sir, and in your state of health," the physician replied, "you must seek amusement for your mind. I have always told you that solitude is baneful to you. You should send for some members of your own family, or get some devoted friend to come and live with you."

"Family! devoted friend! why, you well

know, doctor, that collaterals are mere heirs. You are in their way whilst you live: they only wait to prey upon your spoil after your death."

"But had you never any children?" the doctor asked.

"Never," replied his patient, after some hesitation. "And I have no relatives."

"Here the unhappy old man sighed, his brow became clouded, and he seemed to writhe in mental agony. Suddenly, by an apparent effort, changing the conversation, and assuming a tone of unconcern—

"Well, doctor," he said, "and so this scoundrel of a mendicant, who you may be assured, wanted to murder, and afterwards rob me, died yesterday in the prison hospital."

"No, not in the hospital," replied the physician. "I did all I could to induce him to remain in the infirmary; but he refused, and even solicited, as a favour, to be taken back to the cell he occupied before his trial."

"You see then, doctor, what a villain he was. I suppose he felt remorse for the crime he intended to commit in this house. Did he make any avowal? Is anything known of his family?"

"Nothing, except that he was an illegitimate child, and was found, shortly after his birth, under the peristyle of St. Louis's church."

"St. Louis's church?"

"Yes; and he was taken to the Foundling Hospital in the Rue du Plessis."

"The Rue du Plessis?"

"Yes; he told me the whole story the day before yesterday, at my evening visit to the prison infirmary. He had carefully preserved an old card, upon which were traced some strange characters, and an engraved stone belonging to a seal. He requested me to take charge of them. I believe they are still in my pocket-book. Yes, here they are. This stone must have belonged to a valuable trinket—he probably sold the setting. Here is the card."

The old invalid, whose increasing agitation had not been observed by the doctor, threw a rapid glance upon these objects,—then, with a shriek of horror, sunk back upon his chair.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "the mendicant was my son!"

A few minutes after, this unnatural parent had ceased to breathe."

Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scots-men. In 4 vols. Vol. I. By Robert Chambers. Glasgow: Blackie & Son.

ROBERT CHAMBERS is a clever and popular writer; he has a right spirit of research about him; an eye for all that is interesting, an ear for all that is characteristic and curious; and, in whatever concerns Scotland, he is anxious—nay, enthusiastic. A Biographical Dictionary containing the most eminent names of his native land, seems just the sort of undertaking for him; and it is a work, too, very much wanted, and capable of being rendered interesting and instructive. The author has not, however, pleased us so well as we expected by the first portion of his work: we cannot, indeed, accuse him of any omissions of distinguished men; he seems to have everywhere learning and information, sufficient for the task—nay, his estimates of character and of talent are generally fair, and to our liking. The fault he has committed is this—he has shown so much deference for what others have done, that he has adopted their narratives, and squared his opinions by theirs, and given us compilations only, where we looked for original writing. We would ask him, too, what right such a polished prince as John Balol has to

take a place among the illustrious men of Scotland!—and why he admitted Mr. Coutts, the banker, a worthy man surely, and an accurate keeper of accounts, but no more—among the Bruce and the Burns's?

Let us look, for instance, what he has done for Burns, the poet—of whom the best notices yet written are by Mrs. Riddell and by Mr. Lockhart. "Having been much struck," says Mr. Chambers, "with the felicity of a narrative written by the unfortunate Robert Heron—which nearly answers my purpose as to length, and contains many fresh and striking views of the various situations in which the poet was placed in life, together with what appears to me a comprehensive and most eloquent estimate of his genius, I have been induced to prefer it to anything of my own." To carry off a work wholesale, as the angels did the church of Loretto, and make it one's own, because it corresponds in breadth and length with what is wanted, was not looked for at the hand of Robert Chambers. There are other objections: Robert Heron was a tippling writer, of more talent than veracity, and wrote too with the haste of one toiling against time, and for bread; his account of the poet, and estimate of his powers, are not very accurate. Burns was not the regular tippler that Heron represents him, though he drank freely in company; neither was he the common comrade of the dissolute and the idle; he had a difficult part to play, and he did not perform it very wisely. A ploughman himself—a farmer, if you like it better—he loved to converse with the husbandmen of the district, some of whom, for intelligence and talent, were scarcely inferior to the poet himself. This was called a love of low company, by the magnates of the land. We have neither leisure nor space to enter fully into this matter, on which we have excellent information—not so incorrect as that which makes Heron call Johnson's Musical Museum a Collection by Burns, nor altogether like that of Mr. Chambers himself, when he speaks with such contempt of Dr. Muirhead, of Orr, (a man of singular readiness of wit and a very good poet,) and misunderstands and misquotes Burns's lampoon upon him. The poet imagines himself a rustic auctioneer, who has got all the characters of the country gentlemen under his hammer. This is his description of Muirhead:

Here's a mortal bearing
From the' Mause of Orr,
Crest—an old crab-apple
Rooted in the core.

Mr. Chambers will see the point of the verse used: the poet hits another of the cleavers—for this is an election lampoon—

Here's that little Wadset,
Bairties scrap of truth,
Pavement in a gin shop,
Quenching holy drouth.

We could quote some other verses, but, though very sarcastic, they are very personal. But though Heron is far from accurate about persons, no biographer has felt the genius of Burns better, or distinguished with more eloquence and propriety the moral splendour and manly vigour of his poetry. The following passage will show that Chambers has not quoted him without cause:

"The most remarkable quality he displayed, both in his writings and his conversation, was, certainly, an enlarged, vigorous, keenly discerning, conscious comprehension of mind. Whatever ever be the subject of his verse, he still seems to

grasp it with giant force; to wield and turn it with easy dexterity; to view it on all sides, with an eye which no turn of outline and no hue of colouring can elude; to mark all its relations to the group of surrounding objects, and then to select what he chooses to represent to our imagination, with a skilful and happy propriety, which shows him to have been, at the same time, master of all the rest. It will not be very easy for any other mind, however richly stored with various knowledge; for any other imagination, however elastic and inventive, to find any new and suitable topic that has been omitted by Burns, in celebrating the subjects of all his greater and more elaborate poems. It is impossible to consider without astonishment, that amazing fertility of invention which is displayed, under the regulation of a sound judgment, and a correct taste, in the *Twa Dogs*; the *Address to the Deil*; *Scotch Drink*; the *Holy Friar*; *Hallowe'en*; the *Cotter's Saturday Night*; *To a Haggis*; *To a Louse*; *To a Mountain Daisy*; *Tan o' Shanter*; *on Captain Grose's Peregrinations*; the humble *Petition of Bruar Water*; the Bard's Epitaph. Shoemakers, footmen, threshers, milk-maids, peers, stay-makers, have all written verses, such as deservedly attracted the notice of the world; but, in the poetry of these people, while there was commonly some genuine effusion of the sentiments of agitated nature, some exhibition of such imagery as at once impressed itself upon the heart; there was also much to be ever excused in consideration of their ignorance, their extravagance of fancy, their want or abuse of the advantages of a liberal education. Burns has no pardon to demand for defects of this sort. He might scorn every concession which we are ready to grant to his peculiar circumstances, without being on this account reduced to relinquish any part of his claims to the praise of poetical excellence. He touches his lyre, at all times, with the hand of a master. He demands to be ranked, not with the Woodhouses, the Dicks, the Ramsays, but with the Miltons, the Popes, the Grays. He cannot be denied to have been largely endowed with that strong common sense which is very nearly the very source and principle of all fine writing.

"The next remarkable quality in this man's character, seems to have consisted in native strength, ardour, and delicacy of feeling, passions, and affections. *Sicut in me flore, dulcissimum primus est ipsi tibi.* All that is valuable in poetry, and, at the same time, peculiar to it, consists in the effusion of particular, not general, sentiments, and in the picturing out of particular imagery. But education, reading, a wide converse with men in society, the most extensive observation of external nature, however useful to improve, cannot, even all combined, confer the power of apprehending either imagery or sentiment with such force and vivacity of conception as may enable one to impress whatever he may choose upon the souls of others, with full, irresistible, electric energy; this is a power which nought can bestow, save native fondness, delicacy, quickness, ardour, force of those parts of our bodily organization, of those energies in the structure of our minds, on which depend all our sensations, emotions, appetites, passions, and affections. Who ever knew a man of high original genius, whose senses were imperfect, his feelings dull and callous, his passions all languid and stagnant, his affections without ardour, and without constancy? others may be artisans, speculators, imitators in the fine arts; none but the man who is thus richly endowed by nature, can be a poet, an artist, an illustrious inventor in philosophy. Let any person first possess this original soundness, vigour, and delicacy of the primary energies of mind; and then let him receive some impression upon his imagination, which shall excite a passion for this

or that particular pursuit: he will scarcely fail to distinguish himself by manifestations of exalted and original genius. Without having, first, those simple ideas which belong, respectively, to the different senses, no man can ever form for himself the complex notions, into the composition of which such simple ideas necessarily enter. Never could Burns, without this delicacy, this strength, this vivacity of the powers of bodily sensation, and of mental feeling, which I would here claim as the indispensable native endowments of true genius—without these, never could he have poured forth those sentiments, or pourtrayed those images which have so powerfully impressed every imagination, and penetrated every heart. Almost all the sentiments and images diffused throughout the poems of Burns, are fresh from the mint of nature. He sings what he had himself beheld with interested attention—what he had himself felt with keen emotions of pain or pleasure. You actually see what he describes: you more than sympathise with his joys; your bosom is inflamed with all his fire; your heart dies away within you, infected by the contagion of his dependency. He exalts for a time, the genius of his reader to the elevation of his own; and, for the moment, confers upon him all the powers of a poet. Quotations were endless; but any person of discernment, taste, and feeling, who shall carefully read over Burns' book, will not fail to discover, in its every page, abundance of those sentiments and images to which this observation relates:—it is originality of genius, it is keenness of perception, it is delicacy of passion, it is general vigour and impetuosity of the whole mind, by which such effects are produced. Others have sung, in the same Scottish dialect, and in familiar rhymes, many of the same topics which are celebrated by Burns; but what, with Burns, pleases or fascinates, in the hands of others, only disgusts by its dulness, or excites contempt by its meanness and uninteresting simplicity."

In the life of Ayton, he has not quoted his best song, "I do confess thou art so fair;" and, in the life of John Baioli, he has misstated the only thing for which the family was remarkable—namely, the founding of Baioli College in Oxford: it was not erected by Baioli, but by his mother, a Scottish Princess, and daughter of Allan Lord of Galloway.

We have done with censure—which cannot be regarded as of serious amount in such a large, compact, and closely printed volume as this: we have said that Mr. Chambers is an inquisitive man; we may also add, that, he discovers much that is valuable, and relates his discoveries in an easy and graphic manner. We wish we could trace out something more than what Colonel Munro or Lord Hailes has told us, respecting the Ramsays, Leslie, Hamiltons, and Cunninghams, who fought so long and so bravely in the wars waged by Christina of Denmark, and Gustavus of Sweden, for the salvation of the Protestants of Germany. Both the Black Ramsay and the Fair Ramsay were warriors of no mean rank: so were the Munros, and the Leslie; and of a Hamilton it is related, that when his regiment, after having stormed a breach, from which all other warriors had been repulsed, was ordered by Gustavus to give place to two regiments of Swedes, he confronted the Lion of the North, with pride equal to his own, and taking his commission from his pocket, presented it to the King, saying, "I shall serve a man no longer who knows not what is due to brave soldiers: we have all but taken the place and

are to be robbed of the honour of marching in." We could mention other matters worthy of our biographer's consideration: at present, we have done—we shall say no more than wish success to a work, which Mr. Chambers cannot fail to render acceptable to all true Scotsmen, and all lovers of Scotland.

The Refugee in America. By Mrs. Frances Trollope. London: Whittaker & Co.

We had the pleasure, some time since, of introducing Mrs. Trollope to our readers as a novelist, and this week we shall give some extracts from the second volume of '*The Refugee*' Still, we must decline offering a critical opinion. We are well pleased, of course, at being enabled thus to gratify our readers with an insight into a work which naturally awakens public expectation; but the obligation only makes us the more cautious, lest our judgment should be influenced—and we are sure that this reserve will best please both the writer and her independent publishers.

The English party whom our previous extracts left travelling in America, take up their residence at Rochester, and the following will exhibit them as being *lionized* at

An American Evening Party.

"When Miss Gordon and her father entered, the walls of the parlour were lined with females, and the centre of the room was occupied by a host of gentlemen.

"Mr. Warner and Mr. Wilson immediately stepped from among them, to shake hands with Mr. Gordon, while Emily came forward to take possession of his daughter. Lord Darcy's earnest request to be permitted to pass the evening in writing to his mother had been complied with, and he remained at home.

"This arrangement was unfavourable to the popularity of Miss Gordon, for when Lord Darcy was not with her, she was apt to forget the peculiarity of their situation: and on this occasion she indulged in the display of a little hauteur, in return for all the undisguised curiosity with which she was regarded. Even the ladies who had previously called on her, seemed more inclined to stare than converse, and for half an hour after Emily had placed her in the seat she had carefully reserved on the sofa, it required all Miss Gordon's *savoir faire*, not to appear embarrassed at the silent and earnest observation of which she was the object.

"Immediately upon her being seated, Mrs. Williams came to her, and making a solemn courtesy, said, 'How do you do, ma'am? I hope I see you well.'

"This being spoken, and replied to, the lady retired. Emily contrived to hover near her for a little while, but was called away by her mother's saying, 'I expect Anastasia wants you, Emily Williams.'

"Thus left to herself, Caroline looked round the room; not an eye but was fixed upon her, and the little conversation which was going on among the ladies, consisted in a cautious whisper between neighbours, of which it was but too easy to perceive that she was the subject.

"It was impossible to hear this long. Mr. Warner had approached to pay his compliments to her, and when he was again about to retreat to the group of standing gentlemen, she stopped him by saying, 'Will you give me your arm across the room, Mr. Warner?' and before he well understood her purpose, she rose, and passed her arm within his. This action seemed to dissolve the spell which had fallen upon the female tongues; but among the few phrases that reached her, still fewer were intelligible, which, con-

sidering the spirit that appeared to pervade them, was not much to be regretted.

"Lock and lock, I declare! thank the praise, I was born in America; now shou'dn't you be right down consternated if you saw Benjaminina do that?"

"I cannot realize how any girl can get upon such a lay, and yet keep her standing."

"If I live from July to eternity, I shall never oblige that go."

"How she swiggles her way through the gentlemen! Did you ever?"

"My! It's musical enough to be sure, just to watch her ways!"

"While these sharp darts flew lightly past her, on their foreign idiom, Miss Gordon continued her adventurous progress to the place which Madame de Clairville occupied at the farther end of the long apartment.

Madame de Clairville was not a great person at Rochester. The ladies had discovered that she had but two visiting gowns in the world. She was invited to the parties because she was "one of the ladies at Mrs. Bevan's," but as no one ever saw even a new ribbon about her, since the day of her arrival, now nearly six months ago; as she spoke English with difficulty, and generally smiled in the wrong place, when she was spoken to; as she belonged to no congregation, and never gave tea, she was considered as a little nobody.

Miss Gordon's marked attention to her created great surprise, till some one cleverly observed that 'twas natural enough for Europeans to be glad to see one another."

Madame de Clairville was delighted. She rose to meet the fair stranger with an air of graceful *empressement*, well calculated to make her gown forgotten, at least by Caroline. There was no space to admit Miss Gordon next her, and perceiving this, the young lady took the arm of madame, and again crossed the room to the fire-place, where, to the unspeakable astonishment of the party, they stood together chatting in French, with an air of easy gaiety, that drew down many a disapproving, "My!" from the fair spectators.

Mr. Wilson now approached them, leading forward his son, who entered into conversation in French and in English, with both ladies, without restraint, and really deserved some gratitude for his knight errantry; for he was the only young man who ventured to approach them. His gallantry, however, did not endure long, for he soon quitted them, and left the room.

Tea, coffee, and cakes, were now handed round, by two smartly dressed young women. Emily followed them into the room; her cheeks wore an unusual glow, and she was evidently agitated. "C'est une petite ange que cette Emilie—quel dommage qu'elle va rester ici toute sa vie!" said Madame de Clairville. Emily was quite shocked at seeing them standing, and immediately brought two chairs from different parts of the room, for their accommodation, which she placed in the small vacant spaces on each side the chimney-piece. "Cannot we manage better than that, Emily?" said Miss Gordon, removing her chair to the opposite side; "I must hear the end of what madame was saying," and without ceremony she placed herself *vis-à-vis* to the little French woman, with her back to the majority of the company.

It required all brother Wilson's influence to preserve Miss Gordon's good name after this.

"Did you ever! such airs!"

"What confidence!"

"Tis just to show off, that she can talk French."

"Nothing but that, you may allot upon it, or she would never pick out that little shabby body." *

Mr. Gordon, from his station among the

gentlemen, saw all that was passing, and though not sorry to see Caroline amused, wished, if possible, to check the vivacity which he perceived attracted too much attention. He drew near, with the intention of giving a hint to his lively daughter; but Madame de Clairville was giving a little *histoiresse* with so much grace, and gaiety, that it was impossible to interrupt her, and before she had finished it, he was strongly tempted rather to join the party, than to break it up.

He told them both, however, that they were clearly offending against Rochester etiquette, which evidently required that they should both sit with their backs to the wall, smile seldom, and laugh not at all.

"And what will befall us, if we disobey?" demanded Madame de Clairville.

"Must I tell you, madame?"

"Positively, monsieur."

"Well then, you will find no lovers among the gentlemen,—and no friends among the ladies."

"My!" exclaimed Madame de Clairville, mimicking the national tone; "is not that dreadful?"

"Not for me, if you will only except my little Emily—*que voilà!*"

Emily came, on hospitable thoughts intent, followed by the "helps," bearing trays filled with very good things, but most heterogeneously assembled. Ices and oysters, pound-cake, and salt beef, were offered together, and not unfrequently received upon the same plate. After this ceremony had passed round, Mrs. Williams approached Miss Gordon, in a solemn and stately manner, and inquired if she would favour the company by playing on the piano.

Caroline looked saucy; but a glance from her father changed the expression of her eyes, and she modestly said she had rather not play before so large a party.

Mrs. Williams left her, but in a few moments Emily came, and said blushing, and as if vexed at her errand, that she was sent to ask if she could sing?

"Who sent you, my dear?"

"Mrs. Pringle desired mamma would ask, before her daughter began."

"Then please to tell Mrs. Pringle, my dear—"

Her father looked at her beseechingly, evidently fearing some little vivacity. * * *

Miss Gordon and Madame de Clairville seated themselves at a little distance, and would from thence have enjoyed at their ease the pleasure of listening, had not their attention been withdrawn from the singing, by the whispered, but earnest conversation of two ladies who were seated next them: one of these was Miss Duncomb, and the other a stout, jovial looking woman, whose drawling, canting tone of voice, offered an amusing contrast to the comfortable look of good-humour, and self-indulgence, which her face and person exhibited.

"I shall ever maintain, Mrs. Barnet, that, when it is in the way of our vocation that we are exposed to the snare of the Fowler, we are sure to be sustained in the path."

"But it is a fearful peril that we run, Miss Duncomb," drawled the fat lady, "listening to the breath of manhood, uttering the words of love!"

"Ah—h!" answered Miss Duncomb, with a shudder, "it is a sin and abomination, but it is our duty, Mrs. Barnet, to follow where the righteous lead. Is he not the son of our brother?"

"That's a fact, Miss Duncomb, and the more strange it is, that he should sit caterwauling there, just like the son of any other man. 'Tis awful, Miss Duncomb!"

"Mrs. Barnet, I guess, ma'am, that you do not know the young man as well as I do; he is

as prayerfully disposed as any young man I know; and were we advanced enough to missionize from this, I cannot realize that there is any one more fit to promote christianization among the heathen, and to happy his converts than young Mr. Robert."

"I don't wish to blame your associational feelings, Miss Duncomb; but to eventuate what I was going to say, I must confess that for a young man of such capacity, he ought by this to have showed more anxiety for the welfare of the church. Dear me, Miss Duncomb, only look at Miss Martin's muslin!—isn't it as coarse as hominy?"

"I wish 'twas a little higher about the neck, Mrs. Barnet, and I would not fault the muslin. That young miss would conduct better, if she thought less of her beauty."

"That's a fact. I wish it would convene to Anastasia to bring the oysters this way; I feel altogether faintish."

Lord Darcy (*the Refugee*) has left England in consequence of an affray with a young man of low birth, in which the latter, being severely wounded, was afterwards reported to have been murdered, but in reality secreted by his confederates for base purposes. A plot is conceived by an unprincipled relative, against the life of the young nobleman, and agents are set to work in America to accomplish the design. The following extract will introduce the reader to one:—

Mr. Hannibal Burns was one of the editors of a New York "semi-weekly" paper; and, moreover, an officer of the police. The latter occupation he had been "raised to;" that of newspaper editor, or, as it is familiarly termed, "Slang Wanger," was a dignity but lately fallen upon him."

This individual had met the English travellers at his brother's "settlement," and learnt their probable destination. He is employed to trace them out, but cautioned to do so with as little professional interest as possible.

It so happened, however, that the person and calling of Mr. Hannibal Burns were well known by many at Rochester, and, among others, by a certain devout grocer of the name of Mitchel, who, upon some occasion or other, had had a little business with him.

As Mr. Mitchel was a bachelor, and moreover a very sober man, Mr. Burns thought he could nowhere address himself to obtain the information he wanted, with less danger of having the conversation repeated.

Unfortunately he did not know that Mr. Mitchel was a thorough-bred New England Yankee, or he might have been aware that in colloquy, with even a New York police officer, he would probably contrive to obtain more information than he gave. Ignorant of this important fact, he proceeded to the store of his acquaintance, whom he found standing behind his counter with his hat on, and a newspaper in his hand.

"So, Mr. Mitchel, how are you, sir? kedge, and hearty, I hope?"

"No great matter to complain of, touching my bodily health, Mr. Burns; but these are awful times, sir. Why, what a dissolute, prayerless place New York must be grown into! Here's a paper that has been loaned me, and half of it is filled with a history of stage plays, and masquerading balls."

"We follow up Paris and London considerable near, Mr. Mitchel, that's a fact; but yet we have many associational parties that solemnize the place, which I am partly sure you would approve, sir. And how does Rochester progress, Mr. Mitchel? Have you got many strangers come recent?"

"The little Yankee immediately 'realized,' that Mr. Burns was on the look out.

"Our houses here are improved as fast as they are built, I guess; I never hear of any as lay long vacant."

"Possible? and the streets spreading so fast?

But I mean in the line of transient people, and foreigners. I know the English contrive it, as far as Niagara, even: they are curious great travellers."

"I expect so."

"Have you heard lately of any arrivals in that way?"

"I never fellowship greatly with travellers."

"You hav'n't heard of any as conducts rather particular, have you, sir?"

"Are you looking after some, Mr. Burns?"

"If I was, you may allot that I would not deputize another to find them out; but you know in my line of slang-wanging, we love to tell about a little news. Somebody told me, as there was some curious rich English folks as had come this road!"

"So much the better for the taverns, Mr. Burns, 'specially if there is women with 'em, for their women make no requirement to know the price of a thing,—when they want it, they'll have it."

"I expect these folks have a young woman with 'em, so probable you have remarked her, as they say she's mighty sightly."

"We count it derogatory in a fiducial Christian, to be looking too close after the female kind. For my share, if I make a bestowment of my attention upon strangers, it is more on the man kind, than the female."

"Twould be great nonsense in you, surely, to watch a trumpery girl lither and yon. But have you marked any European strangers biding here of late?"

"Are they young or old, those as you have heard about?"

"I guess as they said there was a young man with them."

"Fair complexion had he? and light blue eyes?"

"If my retrospect of what I heard is correct, he is quite the reverse—unless, indeed, he has got a wig."

"Like enough, flaxen hair is a great disguisement to a swarthy face."

"No, no, the face isn't swarthy either; clear and pale—without any colour, but no way swarthy."

"Surely? well I expect if they have travelled through long since.... How long ago was it?"

"Why, if I don't oblige what I heard, it might be about six weeks ago."

"I am partly certain, Mr. Burns, that no two like that, has been seen here by themselves."

"Not altogether so, sir; I expect there was a tall man, as the girl called her father."

"And that makes three. No, nothing of the kind, I am pretty sure."

"I reckon they had two men with them, by way of domestics, I expect."

"Well, Mr. Burns, I can make a publication to my friends, if it will be any obligation to you, that you are upon the look out for a rich gentleman and his daughter, with two male domestics, and a young man of clear, pale complexion, with black eyes and hair. I can realize your description considerable; but for my own share, I cannot report as I know anything particular about them."

"The discomfited Mr. Burns turned sulkily from the store; while the triumphant Yankee rubbed his hands, and thanked the Lord that he was not like other men, to let out his secrets in that fashion."

We here close our extracts for the present.

Byron's Life and Works. Vol. X. London: Murray.

Any one with five shillings in his possession, who happens accidentally to open this volume at the *Corinth*, by Turner, and the *Athens and Island of Egina*, by Stanfield, will, we are sure, lay down the money at once, and put the work in his pocket. These landscapes, more particularly the first, are most beautiful things: nor are all the attractions confined to the illustrations; here are many of Byron's brightest things: the *Ode to Napoleon-Lara*—the Hebrew Melodies—the *Siege of Corinth*—Parisina—the Prisoner of Chillon, with various others, and among them, those domestic poems in which he has poured out tears mingled with his blood, as we heard a friend describe them. There are notes throwing light on dark meanings in the text, and others explanatory of the noble poet's feelings during the period of composition; but what we are sure the world will be most disposed to look at just now, is the tribute paid to Byron by Scott, which finds a place in the prefatory advertisement.

"We are sometimes," he says, "tempted to blame the timidity of those poets, who, possessing powers to arrest the admiration of the public, are yet too much afraid of censure to come frequently forward, and thus deprad themselves of their fame, and the public of the delight which they might afford us. Where success has been unexpected, and perhaps undeservedly, obtained by the capricious vote of fashion, it may be well for the adventurer to draw his stake and leave the game, as every succeeding hazard will diminish the chance of his rising a winner. But, they cater ill for the public, and give indifferent advice to the poet,—supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art,—who do not advise him to labour, while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure, that any labour which he might bestow in revision, would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality which they exhibit, when flung rough from the hand of the master. No one would have wished to condemn Michael Angelo to work upon a single block of marble, until he had satisfied, in every point, the petty criticism of that Pope, who, neglecting the sublime and magnificent character and attitude of his Moses, descended to blame a wrinkle in the fold of the garment.

"Should it be urged that, in thus stimulating

genius to unsparing exertion, we encourage carelessness and hurry in the youthful candidates for literary distinction, we answer, it is not the learner to whom our remarks apply; they refer to him only, who, gifted by nature with the higher power of poetry,—an art as difficult as it is enchanting,—has made himself master, by application and study, of the mechanical process, and in whom, we believe, frequent exertions upon new works awaken and stimulate that genius which might be cramped and rendered tame, by long and minute attention to finish to the highest possible degree any one of the number. If we look at our poetical library we shall find, generally speaking, the most distinguished poets have been the most voluminous, and that those who, like Gray, limited their productions to a few poems, anxiously and sedulously corrected and revised, have given them a stiff and artificial character, which, far from disarming criticism, has rather embittered its violence, while the Aristarch, like Achilles assailing Hector, meditates dealing the mortal wound through some unguarded crevice of the

supposed impenetrable armour, with which the cautious bard has vainly invested himself.

"Our opinion must be necessarily qualified by the caution, that as no human invention can be infinitely fertile, as even the richest genius may be, in agricultural phrase, *cropped out*, and rendered sterile, and as each author must necessarily have a particular style in which he is supposed to excel, and must therefore be more or less a mannerist; no one can with prudence persevere in forcing himself before the public when, from failure in invention, or from having rendered the peculiarities of his style over trite and familiar, the veteran 'lags superfluous on the stage,' a slighted mute in those dramas where he was once the principal personage. To this humiliation vanity frequently exposes genius; and it is no doubt true that a copious power of diction, joined to habitual carelessness in composition, has frequently conducted to it.

"We would therefore be understood to recommend to authors, while a consciousness of the possession of vigorous powers, carefully cultivated, unites with the favour of the public, to descend into the arena, and continue their efforts vigorously while their hopes are high, their spirits active, and the public propitious, in order that, on the slightest failure of nerves or breath, they may be able to withdraw themselves honourably from the contest, gracefully giving way to other candidates for fame, and cultivating studies more suitable to a flagging imagination than the fervid art of poetry. This, however, is the affair of the authors themselves: should they neglect this prudent course, the public will, no doubt, have more indifferent books on their table than would otherwise have loaded it; and as the world always seizes the first opportunity of recalling the applause it has bestowed, the former wreaths of the writers will for a time be blighted by their immediate failure. But these evils, so far as the public is concerned, are greatly overbalanced by such as arise from the timid caution which bids genius suppress its efforts till they shall be refined into unattainable perfection: and we cannot but repeat our conviction, that poetry, being, in its higher classes, an art which has for its elements sublimity and unaffected beauty, is more liable than any other to suffer from the labour of polishing, or from the elaborate and composite style of ornament, and alternate affectation of simplicity and artifice, which characterise the works, even of the first poets, when they have been over-anxious to secure public applause, by long and reiterated correction. It must be remembered that we speak of the higher tones of composition; there are others of a subordinate character, where extreme art and labour are not bestowed in vain. But we cannot consider over-anxious correction as likely to be employed with advantage upon poems like those of Lord Byron, which have for their object to rouse the imagination, and awaken the passions."

The editor judiciously adds the various readings which the manuscripts supply profusely, and thus enables us to see the workings of fancy and feeling during the outpouring of the verse. We prefer quoting another passage from the preface—our readers will see the reasons:—

"With regard to the first of those Domestic Pieces,—the 'Fare thee well,'—we have seen, since the sheet containing it was sent to the press, the original draught of it; and, had it fallen under our notice sooner, we should have presented the reader with a fac-simile. The appearance of the MS. confirms, and more than confirms, the account of the circumstances under which it was written, given in the Notices of Lord Byron's Life. It is blotted all over with the marks of tears."

"We have also observed, that the motto from

'Christabel,' which now stands at the head of 'Fare thee well,' did not appear there until several editions had been printed. Mr. Coleridge's poem was, in fact, first published in June, 1816, and reached Lord Byron after he had crossed the Alps, in September. It was then that he signified his wish to have the extract in question affixed to all future copies of his stanzas; and the reader, who might have doubted Mr. Moore's assertion, that Lord Byron's hopes of an ultimate reconciliation with his Lady survived even the unsuccessful negotiation prompted by the kind intercession of Madame de Staél, when he visited her at Copet, will probably now consider the selection and date of this motto, as circumstances strongly corroborative of the biographer's statement:

A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been!

"The saddest period of Lord Byron's life was also, we see, one of the busiest. His refuge and solace were ever in the practice of his art; and the rapidity with which he continued to pour out verses at this melancholy time, if it tended to prolong some of his personal annoyances, by giving malevolent critics fresh pretences for making his private affairs the subject of public discussion, has certainly been in no respect injurious to his poetical reputation."

A work so richly and so tastefully illustrated, so elegantly arranged, and neatly printed, requires only to be seen to be popular: we do not despair of seeing the poems of Scott rivalling those of Byron in all such beauties as art and taste can bestow.

La Lithuanie et sa dernière Insurrection.
Par Michel Pietkiewicz. Bruxelles, Dumont: London, Dulau & Co.

At a period when the fate of the heroic Poles has raised a general cry of horror and indignation throughout the civilized world, every thing connected with the late glorious struggle of Poland becomes matter of paramount interest. The grand-duchy of Lithuania, forcibly severed from the kingdom of Poland, by the dismemberment which, to the eternal disgrace of Europe, was suffered to be effected by the partitioning despots during the last century, has ever since remained a Russian province. Nevertheless, the bosom of every Lithuanian glows with the love of Poland—with exeration of the power to whose yoke she is forced to bend—and with the same patriotic spirit of freedom which inspired the immortal Kosciusko, himself a Lithuanian, in his noble resistance to Russia when under the guidance of Catherine II.—that female despot, so mild, merciful, and humane, in her written manifestos, but so atrociously cruel in her actions.

When the brutal oppression of Constantine at length goaded the long-suffering Poles to take up arms, the co-operation of their brethren of Lithuania was indispensable to the ultimate success of their cause. The hearts of the latter beat in unison with those of the Polish patriots, and the whole province, ripe for insurrection, wanted only an experienced leader to enable them to burst the bonds of Russian despotism, and once more unite with Poland. General Gielgud, at the head of an army, was intrusted with this mission; and to the selection of such a man is the disastrous failure of the insurrection attributed. Appointed by Napoleon, in 1812, to the command of a regiment about to be raised,

Gielgud owed his military rank to mere seniority; and this expedition to Lithuania was his maiden campaign. Previously to his assuming the Lithuanian command, he had never seen a shot fired. The melancholy fate of his army, their retreat into the Prussian territory, and the death of Gielgud, by the hand of Skulski, a captain in his army, who considered that he had betrayed the Polish cause, are well known.

But Gielgud was no traitor,—at least in the common acceptation of that word. He had not betrayed his country to the enemy: he had only sacrificed the cause with which he was intrusted, through ignorance and selfishness. Gielgud was a man of weak mind, not possessing the most ordinary share of military talent, and utterly destitute of judgment and discretion. In temper he was tyrannical, and, like most men of contracted understandings, doggedly obstinate. In disposition he was mean, grovelling, and sordid; and all his views seemed to centre in the aggrandizement of his own family. The individuals to whom he intrusted power were inefficient, and moreover lukewarm in the cause; but they were his own relatives. Thus all his administrative measures tended to chill the spirit which animated the Lithuanians; and every military operation failed for want of being combined and conducted with professional skill. If the negative quality of physical courage had alone sufficed to make the insurrection successful, Gielgud certainly possessed it: in him personal bravery was constitutional. He might perhaps have done good service under an able and experienced commander; but, left to his own guidance, he brought ruin and disgrace upon his cause. Had the mission been confided to an officer of talent, it could not have failed, and Poland might now have been free.

The fatal catastrophe in which his obstinacy and successive errors terminated, and the retreat of his army into Prussia, proved a death-blow to the insurrection. A few scattered bands still remained; but their efforts no longer gave uneasiness to Russia, and were of no service to the Poles;—they were the last convulsive throes of freedom expiring in the fangs of despotism.

As Lithuania is considered a Russian province, the Emperor Nicholas does not there affect to cloak his cruelties with apologies and explanations. He is fast making a desert of that fine country to people the wilds of Siberia. He has decreed it a high crime to speak the Polish language, and has superseded the Lithuanian laws by his odious ukases. Although they who bore arms against his authority have sought refuge in foreign lands, there is not a noble family which has not furnished its share of victims to the sanguinary inflictions of imperial revenge. Day after day decrees appear against the patriots,—the least of whose punishments is the confiscation of their property and hard labour in Siberia. The dungeons of Vilna are crammed with the most respectable of its citizens. The ordinary courts of justice had once the courage to acquit some of these individuals; but Nicholas allowed them not to escape. He had them again tried by a court martial, and under his express orders, convicted. His desire is not to punish guilt, but to find victims to glut his vengeance. The father is made answerable for the crime of his son,

and the son for the father. The children of those who have escaped from the country are sent in chains to Siberia, or drafted into the regiments of Orenbourg, there to expiate in eternal slavery and pain the patriotism of their fathers.

Mr. Pietkiewicz, the author of the work before us, is by birth a Lithuanian—was an officer in Gielgud's army—and, consequently, an eye-witness of all he records. His account of the insurrection is a plain statement of facts, in a clear and condensed form, and reasonably free from party violence. Not only does it bear the stamp of truth from its plain straightforward course, but every important fact is authenticated by official documents. It is preceded by an interesting sketch of the history of Lithuania; and as the work contains the only connected account extant of the Lithuanian insurrection, it is therefore a valuable and necessary addition to the history of the late Polish revolution.

Lafayette, Louis Philippe, and the Revolution of 1830. By B. Sarrans, jun. Translated from the French. 2 vols. London: Edinburgh Wilson.

A very good translation, and made by one who seems fully to understand the spirit of the original. Although this book must have been got up in great haste, it contains very few inaccuracies. There is one, however, to which we will call the attention of the translator, should the work come to a second edition. *Legitimité* does not always mean *legitimacy*; it sometimes signifies *legality*, and in this latter sense it should have been used in the last line of page 79. But blemishes like these are trifling, when contrasted with the merits displayed throughout this translation.

An Outline of the Smaller British Birds, intended for the Use of Ladies and Young Persons. By R. Slaney, Esq., M.P. 12mo. Longman & Co.

The observers and recorders of facts in Natural History rank among the most valuable contributors to the general stock of knowledge, and many of the remarks in this unpretending little volume are judicious, as pointing out the advantages, as well as the pleasure, to be derived from the study of the various productions of Nature.

To young and inquiring minds, and for such is this Outline intended, each new locality has fresh charms, in proportion to the diversity and beauty of its animated inhabitants. Without aiming at any character beyond that of a familiar introduction to the subject of which it treats, this little book contains many original observations; and the author, by judicious selections from the writings of others, has furnished an interesting outline of the history of that portion of our indigenous birds, which may be said more particularly, to live, and move, and have their being around us.

The wood-cuts are a useful addition: and we could quote from the text with pleasure; but that the small size of the volume forbids anticipation.

A new Dictionary in French and English and English and French; combining the Dictionaries of Boyer and Deletanville. With various additions, corrections, and improvements, by D. Boileau and A. Piquot. London: Rivington.

This is an excellent edition of Boyer's Dictionary, which Messrs. Boileau and Piquot have improved, as far as the limits of their undertaking will allow. It is of a good size and form for schools, and its price moderate.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LADY BLANCHE'S LEAGUER.

From a passage in the English Commonwealth Civil War.

In the rough days of old, when hands of power
Were laid on sword and spear,
Lady Blanche was leaguering in her tower,
No hope nor rescue near;
For her valiant lord had ridden away,
To meet his foes afar;
And his household troop, in bright array,
Went with him to the war.
Ere he mounted, he called nine servants true—
Nine trusty men—and said,
"The wife that I love! I leave with you—
Her life be on each head!"
A trumpet was blown before her gate,
A red flag kissed the sky:—
"Now yield, proud lady! nor dare to wait
Until our falcons fly!"
Then her brave men's hearts waxed faint and
low;
Their lives they valued light;
But how might they save her from such a foe—
Hundreds to one to fight?
But their noble lady cheered them all,
For her gentle blood rose high:
"Lift my husband's banner above the wall,
And raise his battle-cry!
"For the hand of God is with the brave,
When no man's help is near;
And my husband's house shall be my grave,
Ere Blanche knows wrong or fear!"
Then they roused them all at their lady's word,
And all that winter day,
Quick, and loud-pealing, the guns were heard,
Till towers in ruins lay;
And for nine brave men her walls to keep,
But two were strong and sound;
The rest were sleeping their last long sleep,
Or stiff with many a wound.
Poor Blanche wept sore, when the hand of night
Silenced the cannons' throat,
For well she knew the morrow's light
Must see them cross the moat!
All sadly looked her brave warder out
Through the gray morning cloud,
Till he suddenly raised a merry shout,
And the old walls rang aloud!
"Come forth, dear lady, in joy come forth!
True hearts have won the day;
Thy brother's pennon streams in the north,
And the foes have fled away!"
Liverpool, Feb. 1832.

CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

ARCH OF TITUS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

On the inner compartment of the Arch of Titus, is sculptured in deep relief, the desolation of a city. On one side, the walls of the Temple, split by the fury of conflagrations, hang tottering in the act of ruin. The accompaniments of a town taken by assault, matrons and virgins and children and old men gathered into groups, and the rapine and licence of a barbarous and enraged soldiery, are imaged in the distance. The foreground is occupied by a procession of the victors, bearing in their profane hands the holy candlesticks and the tables of shew-bread, and the sacred instruments of the eternal worship of the Jews. On the opposite side, the reverse of this sad picture, Titus is represented standing in a chariot drawn by four horses, crowned with laurel, and surrounded by the tumultuous numbers of his

triumphant army, and the magistrates, and priests, and generals, and philosophers, dragged in chains beside his wheels. Behind him, stands a Victory eagle-winged.

The arch is now moulderling into ruins, and the imagery almost erased by the lapse of fifty generations. Beyond this obscure monument of Hebrew desolation, is seen the tomb of the Destroyer's family, now a mountain of ruins.

The Flavian amphitheatre has become a habitation for owls and dragons. The power, of whose possession it was once the type, and of whose departure it is now the emblem, is become a dream and a memory. Rome is no more than Jerusalem.

REFLECTIONS.

Life.

Life, and the world, and whatever we call that which we are, and feel, is an astonishing thing. The mist of familiarity obscures from us the wonder of our being. We are struck with astonishment at some of its transient modifications, but it is itself the great miracle. What are the changes of empires, the wreck of dynasties, with the opinions that supported them—what is the birth and extinction of religions, and of political systems, to life? What are the revolutions of the globe which we inhabit, and the operations of the elements of which it is composed, compared with life? what is the universe of stars and suns, and their motions, and the destiny of those that inhabit them, compared with life? Life, the great miracle, we admire not because it is so miraculous. If any artist, I do not say had executed, but had merely conceived in his mind, the system of the sun, the stars, and planets, they not existing, and had painted to us in words or upon canvas the spectacle now afforded by the sight of the cope of heaven, and illustrated it by astronomy, what would have been our admiration!—or had imagined the scenery of the earth, the mountains, and the seas, and the rivers, and the grass and the flowers, and the varieties of the forms and the masses of the leaves of the woods, and the colours which attend the rising and the setting sun, and the hues of the atmosphere turbid or serene, truly we should have been wonder-struck, and should have said, what it would have been a vain boast to have said. Truly, this creator deserves the name of a God. But now, these things are looked upon with little wonder; and who views them with delight, is considered an enthusiast or an extraordinary person.

The multitude care little for them. It is thus with life, that includes all. What is life? Thoughts and feelings arise with or without our will, and we employ words to express them.

We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments. We live, and in living we lose the apprehension of life.

Death.

By the word death, we express that condition in which natures resembling ourselves apparently cease to be what they were. We no longer hear them speak, nor see them move. If they have sensations or apprehen-

sions, we no longer participate in them. We know no more, than that those internal organs, and all that fine texture of material frame, without which we have no experience that life or thought can subsist, are dissolved and scattered abroad.

The body is placed under the ground, and after a certain period there remains no vestige even of its form. This is that contemplation of inexhaustible melancholy, whose shadow eclipses the brightness of the world. The commonest observer is struck with dejection at the spectacle, and contends in vain against the persuasion of the grave, that the dead indeed cease to be.

The corpse at his feet is prophetic of his own destiny. Those who have perceived him, whose voice was delightful to his ear, whose touch met, and thrilled, and vibrated to his like sweet and subtle fire, whose aspect spread a visionary light upon his path, these he cannot meet again. The organs of sense are destroyed, and the intellectual operations dependent on them, have perished in their sources. How can a corpse see and feel? What intercourse can there be in two heaps of putrid clay and crumbling bones piled together.

Such are the anxious and fearful contemplations, that, in spite of religion, we are sometimes forced to confess to ourselves.

Love.

The mind selects among those who most resemble it, that which is most its archetype, and instinctively fills up the interstices of the imperfect image, in the same manner as the imagination moulds and completes the shapes in the clouds, or in the fire, into a resemblance of whatever form, animal, building, &c. happens to be present to it.

Man is in his wildest state a social animal—a certain degree of civilization and refinement ever produces the want of sympathies still more intimate and complete, and the gratification of the senses is no longer all that is desired. It soon becomes a very small part of that profound and complicated sentiment which we call love, which is rather the universal thirst for a communion not merely of the senses, but of our whole nature, intellectual, imaginative, and sensitive, and which, when individualized, becomes an imperious necessity, only to be satisfied by the complete, or partial, or supposed fulfilment of its claims. This want grows more powerful in proportion to the development which our nature receives from civilization; for man never ceases to be a social being.

SCENES IN HINDOOSTAN.

I Walk through Benares.

NOTHING more fantastically picturesque can be imagined than the appearance of Benares from the Ganges; and it is difficult to convey an idea of the barbaric splendour of some of the buildings, and the grotesqueness of the landscape. The ghauts, or landing places, which occur at short distances from each other, are, generally speaking, very handsome, though not so regular as many that I have seen. They form a peculiar feature in Indian scenery, and are very superb and appropriate embellishments of the bright river and wide-spreading tank. They are broad flights of steps, constructed either of granite or *chunam*—the latter being a composition of lime,

* It is singular, that Napoleon at St. Helena, in *Les Casques* Memoirs, should have been led into a similar reflexion. "Qu'est ce que la vie? Quand et comment la revivons-nous? Tout cela est-il autre chose encore que la mystere?"

which takes a high polish—decorated on either side with rich balustrading, and surmounted by temples and trees. These ghauts always present a lively scene, and are constantly crowded, even during the hottest hours of the day, by groups of men, women, and children, either praying, performing their ablutions, or filling their gheerahs from the holy stream. Amidst a confused mass of buildings of every shape, the lofty, square, flat-roofed, citadel-looking palace—the dome of the Moosulman mosque—the pointed cupola of the ancient Hindoo temple, resembling a huge mitre—tower, turret, arched gateway, verandah, gallery, and projecting oriel window,—arise the far-famed minarets. Their slender spires shoot up into the skies, and present a proud monument of the conquests of Aurungzebe, who raised them upon the ruins of a pagoda of peculiar sanctity. Their lightness and elegance contrast finely with the massive range of the temples and houses below; and the whole aspect of the city is agreeably diversified with lofty trees and flowering shrubs, which hang their rich garlands over the sculptured walls.

On the morning appointed for our visit to the city, I rose long before daylight, and the party drove to the grand square or *Choley*, through extensive suburbs, which, amongst other objects of interest, contained some very handsome Moosulman tombs of modern erection. The natives of India are not early risers; and although by the time we reached the city, it was nearly broad day, very few living objects were to be seen. The windows were closely shuttered up, the doors barred, and the streets empty. My thoughts immediately recurred to the city of the Magi, where all the worshippers of Nardum were turned into stone. A *tonjon*, which is an open chair, carried on men's shoulders, had been sent forward for my accommodation; but I made little use of it in my eagerness to penetrate alleys where it could scarcely pass; and, preceded by our chuprassies and chobedars, carrying sheathed scimitars and silver maces, I accompanied the gentlemen of the party on foot. We proceeded through narrow streets lined with lofty houses, all of stone, and built in a florid style of architecture; in one or two places they were united by a covered passage springing over the roofs, somewhat resembling the Bridge of Sighs.

As yet, our fellow pedestrians consisted chiefly of Brahminee bulls, but we found the priests busy in the pagodas, scattering flowers over the shrines, and pouring water upon the images of their numerous deities. Some of these idols were beautifully carved in black marble. I disregarded wetting my feet in the profuse oblations of the holy stream of the Ganges showered over the pavement, and literally elbowed my way through the crowd of devotees, who, as the morning advanced, thronged the courts of these small temples, to most of which, I believe, I was indebted for admission to one of my companions, who is at the head of the Hindoo College, and highly respected by the natives, not only for his learning, but for his amiable character and popular manners. I had never mixed on foot in a native crowd before, and was very glad that I had provided myself with a veil, being rather ashamed of appearing amongst the groups of reputable and disreputable persons assembled around me, in

open violation of their ideas of female propriety. After having satisfied my curiosity, and admired the bright profusion of flowers, which were thickly strewed over the interior, and offered for sale at the doors of the temples, I was glad to escape from the hurry and confusion which gathered on all sides—the throngs of *Fakeers*—the incessant cries of “*Ram! Ram!*” the common invocation and salutation of the Hindoos—and the repetition of passages from the *Vedas*, uttered in loud tones by the most pious of the Brahmins.

Our next visit was to the Observatory, an ancient relique of oriental science. It was founded before the Moosulman Conquest.

From a series of small quadrangles with cloisters all round, we ascended by broad flights of stairs to the summit of a square tower. Hence the view over the broad and sparkling river was very fine; and, after enjoying it for a little time, we descended to the water's edge, and went on board a boat in waiting for us, which dropped down to a ghaut close to the minarets. On arriving at the landing-place, I perceived a part of the river, enclosed with *connauhts*, screens of white canvas with scarlet borders; and was told, that when ladies of rank came to bathe, it was customary to provide them with a secure retreat from the gaze of the multitude.

Many rich Hindoos, natives of distant places, have houses at Benares, and not a few hasten, in their declining age, to draw their last breath in the holy city,—which is supposed to be no portion of a fallen world, the lotus of the globe, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva's trident—an excrecence only, unconnected with aught less sacred. In short, it is a place of such peculiar sanctity, that even the most profane eaters of beef, and other impious persons, if they have been charitable to poor Brahmins, and are so fortunate as to die in this hallowed spot, are certain of going direct to Heaven. The multitude of pilgrims from all parts of India, is enormous, and much of the wealth of Benares is derived from the occasional residence of rich strangers. Very near to the minarets stands the lately finished mansion of the Peishwa, the sovereign of a Mahratta state. It is seven stories high, and, as the roof commands the same prospect which is seen from the minarets, and the ascent affords more objects of interest, a description of the latter, whose interior consists only of a narrow winding stair, may be spared. We entered the mansion through a porch, and found ourselves, on passing folding-doors thickly studded with iron plates, in a quadrangle surrounded by a covered gallery. This court often serves as an abiding place for cattle, but it is also frequently kept very neatly, and ornamented with fountains and parterres. One large room, divided across with a row of carved pillars, floored and wainscoted with dark wood, highly polished, and also decorated with carved work, faced the street; from this apartment a single narrow flight of stairs led to a second above, of similar dimensions, opening likewise on a gallery or cloister, corresponding with the one below, which was furnished with several small chambers. On the opposite side of the room another flight of stairs appeared, leading to a third saloon, gallery, &c., precisely the same as those beneath; and in this manner, crossing every successive apartment to reach the staircase, we gained the upper story.

As we ascended, the noise from the crowded street below subsided into low murmurs, and was entirely lost at the highest point of elevation; while we could not sufficiently admire the wisdom displayed in the loftiness of the buildings, and the narrowness of the avenues, which I, at least, had deemed so inconvenient: not a sunbeam could find its way to the lanes and alleys, the lower rooms were cool and shady, while those which towered over the surrounding houses, presented from their windows a rich and splendid prospect. We made very few halts until we reached the roof, which, being surrounded by a parapet, was a more desirable resting place than the apartment beneath, from whence we looked down from windows opening to the floor, and unguarded by balcony or railing, with sensations of terror; so giddy were we made by the contemplation of the awful depth below.

On attaining the highest landing place, Benares, with its fantastic buildings, luxuriant gardens, thronged streets, and broad river covered with innumerable boats, lay beneath us like a map; while, far as the eye could reach, a plain richly cultivated, and dotted with groves and villages, extended to the meeting horizon; it is said, that the range of the Himalaya Mountains is sometimes visible from this altitude, but although the sky was very clear, we looked in vain for the monarchs of the world. I confess that I was not much disappointed, being satisfied with nearer and humbler objects, never seen to so much advantage before: flocks of pigeons and paroquets were flying in clouds beneath us, the sun glancing on the bright plumage of their outstretched wings, as they skimmed along; even the adventurous monkeys, with which the city is thronged, contented themselves with less elevated points, and were to be seen perched upon the projecting cornices below. Near to us were several houses inhabited by Mahratta families. The females of these people have never submitted to the seclusion, which, after the Moosulman conquest of Hindooostan, became the fashion throughout the subjugated provinces; and the ladies, our neighbours, did not scruple to gaze unveiled upon our party. After sunset, every roof would have been occupied by female groups; and I regretted much that I could not return to enjoy the interesting scene, which the Peishwa, by building so much higher than his neighbours, had secured for himself. On descending to the lower floor, I was glad to avail myself of my *tonjon*, being thoroughly fatigued. All the shops were now open, and the streets literally thronged. I observed that whenever our party met young women, many of whom belonging to the lower orders were to be seen in the streets, they instantly veiled their faces, and some squeezed themselves into recesses in the walls. The perambulations of Europeans are not of common occurrence; and though the natives disregard the gaze of their own people, they seemed very unwilling to expose themselves to that of foreigners.

Upon our arrival at the Chokey, where we had left our carriages, we found a number of awnings erected, similar to the booths at an English fair, and a great variety of goods of a superior description exposed for sale. Not having been able to make a bargain for a very ill-carved ivory elephant, for which an enormous price had been demanded, and unwilling to

leave the city without purchasing some memento, I very gladly made myself mistress of two long strings of Brahminee beads, the seeds of a plant, somewhat resembling nutmegs, and which, capped with gold, are much in request for necklaces in England. Extremely fatigued, but also extremely gratified, with my morning's excursion, I returned to Secole, a distance of two miles, just as the heat of the sun was beginning to be rather oppressive.

Though resembling in some of its features many other cities of Hindooostan, Benares presents several peculiarities: there are no palaces equalling in the beauty of the architecture, and the splendour of the material, those of Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow; but there is scarcely a house which is not lavishly decorated with florid ornaments, carved in wood and stone. Many, which rise above shops of no great outward display, are evidently tenanted by wealthy persons, and, in their size and ornaments, seem little inferior to those inhabited by princes. There are others which occupy a very large extent of ground, whose walls towards the street contain no windows, except at the very top: these buildings bear a close resemblance to a fortress or prison, and enclose large gardens, of which no view can be attained, except from the minarets, or one or two other elevations. The richness of the merchandize, for which the city is famous, is carefully concealed from the public eye. Benares is celebrated for the manufacture of kinkob, gold and silver brocade, of great beauty and value; turbans of the same splendid materials, embellished with gem-like embroideries, have no equals in the eastern world; and it is the grand emporium for pearls, diamonds, shawls, and other precious commodities. But none of these things are displayed in the shops to attract custom; and, indeed, throughout Hindooostan, purchasers must diligently inquire for the articles they are desirous to buy, before they are to be found.

Squalid and filthy human objects abound in Benares: Fakires of the most disgusting description, having literally no clothing save dirt and ashes, are shockingly numerous, particularly at the holy places; and I was satisfied with a very cursory view of many spots of interest, especially a sacred well, in my anxiety to escape from close contact with these loathsome creatures. Brahminee bulls, pigeons, and monkeys, are common in all Hindoo cities, but seldom appear in such multitudes as at Benares, where no person dares molest them, and where they are cherished by the pious, and fed at the public expense. In former days, human sacrifices alone were tolerated at Benares; but these shocking rites have been abolished by the British government; and since the Moghul conquests, the Moosulman inhabitants have polluted the city by the blood of animals.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The papers are filled with anecdotes, narratives, and memoirs of Sir Walter Scott: north and south unite in admiration of the man and his works. We hear that several volumes of Scottiana were ready, in the library at Abbotsford, to be sent to press at the illustrious writer's death; and there can be no question, that a memoir from authority will

be soon before the public. We shall have many biographies of him; Hogg threatens one; "There are not," he says, "above five people in the world, who, I think, knew Sir Walter better, or understood his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original, shall not be disputed." We hear that Southey has some large undertakings, chiefly biographies, in hand: his 'Lives of the English Admirals,' will make a noble work, if equal to his 'Life of Nelson.' Professor Wilson has returned from his maritime excursion: he was much pleased with the wonders of the "Wooden World," as an old writer calls the navy, and witnessed the race between the two rival ships, built on the plans of Seppings and Symonds.

We are pleased to hear, that Newton, the painter, is on his way to England; a lady is said to be with him, who has the right to his company which a wife can claim: if this be so, we are afraid he has made few sketches of Squatters and Squaws. Wilkie is busy on a picture of two Spanish Priests in a consultation; and Chantrey has erected his statue to the great Canning, at Liverpool; the light is said to be excellent, and the authorities, we hear, are much pleased with the ease, elegance, and dignified expression of the figure. It stands on the great staircase of the Town Hall. We have seen the prospectus of Hardinge and Roscoe's 'Landscape Annual'; the specimen plate has been engraved with great care.

We hear also, that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant the loan of Lawrence's Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, to the house of Moon, Boys, & Graves, and that a splendid engraving from it will shortly appear.

PARIS ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Meeting held on the 17th instant.

Letter from Bonpland: his Botanical Discoveries and Collections — Geological Fact — Encke's Comet — New method of Embalming — Habits of the Flamingo in Patagonia.

A letter, addressed to the president of the Academy by Baron de Humboldt, at Berlin, was read at this sitting; it relates to the Baron's friend and travelling companion, Bonpland, who lately contrived to obtain his release from years of captivity in Paraguay. "Above twelve-month had elapsed," says the Baron, "since we received the first intelligence of the arrival of M. Bonpland in the province of the Missions; but no letter from him had ever reached Europe, and his relatives at La Rochelle felt the same anxiety on his account which I did. At length I have had the happiness of receiving direct news from him through the care of Baron D'lessert. A letter from Bonpland, dated Buenos Ayres, the 7th May 1832, advises, that he had received a few lines, which I had forwarded to him at the close of July last year, whilst resident at Corrientes, near the confluence of the Paraná and Paraguay, in January 1832. 'I have been crossed,' says he, 'in every labour I have projected since I quitted the soil of France. My ill stars have persecuted me for the last fifteen years; but I am fain to believe that my fate will prove more auspicious, now that I am out of Paraguay. Being once more restored to my friends, and having renewed my connexion with civilized Europe, I have resumed my former labours in natural history with the greatest activity, in order that I may

be enabled to return to my native country as quickly as possible. The collections I formed in Paraguay and the Portuguese Missions ought to have reached Buenos Ayres ever since the month of March. I look for them with the greatest uneasiness, and shall forward them immediately upon their arrival, (which cannot be long delayed,) to the care of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, praying him to deliver over the cases to the Museum of Natural History. The *Jardin des Plantes* will receive, not only what I have recently collected, but such herbaria as I have put together at Corrientes and Buenos Ayres, and particularly my general herbarium, and the geological series of the route we pursued. To this collection I shall add the specimens of rocks which I have just collected, as well as such as I may succeed in procuring during my excursions to Monte Video, Maldonado, and Cabo-Santa-Maria. * * * Such are the fertility of the soil and the richness of the vegetation in the Portuguese Missions, that I think it my duty to return to that quarter, and I am willing to believe, that those who kindly take an interest in my early return to Europe, will not disapprove this trip. It would be cruel to leave this clime without adding such a host of remarkable productions to our botanical stores. My collections will comprise two new species of *Couoleudi*, the roots of which possess all the healing qualities of the jalap. I am in hope that the School of Medicine will likewise set some essays on foot as to the uses to which three extremely bitter barks, derived from three new species of a class belonging to the family of the *Simarubaceæ*, may be put. These barks are of the flavour of the sulphate of quinine, and are used with the most salutary effect in cases of dysentery and other gastric derangements. If, whilst here, I could but receive proper information on the efficacy of these barks, as it might appear from trials in Paris, I would endeavour to secure a supply of them for our hospitals before my departure." * * * I avail myself of this opportunity," adds De Humboldt, "to communicate a geological fact to the Academy, which has been known here only within the last few days, and is connected with other facts, which have been observed elsewhere in Europe, and even in the heart of Asia. M. Von Seckendorf has discovered fragments of *Grauvakke*, accompanied with petrifications incrusted in granite, in the valley of Badan (of the Hartz), in a quarry near the high road which leads to Hartzburg. M. Hartmann, the translator of Lyell's Geology, has just confirmed this observation.—P.S. At the very moment of closing this letter, I receive the very important information that Encke's Comet, of three years and three tenths, was observed at Buenos Ayres in the beginning of June 1832. M. Encke has heard from M. Olbers (of Bremen), that M. Massotti (probably the same gentleman who was formerly at the Milan Observatory, and has published some works on planetary orbits), observed the comet at B. A. on the 2nd of June last, at 5° 30' mean time, with 56° 37' 5" of right ascension, and 11° 20' 1" of southern declension.—This observation appears to differ not more than some 2' from the short-period comet, which M. Encke has calculated by anticipation."

At this meeting of the Academy also, it was reported that Messrs. Caperon and B. Albert have announced the discovery of an expeditious method of preserving the human body, without any external preparation, or alteration of the features of the countenance, as well as without producing diminution in any part of the body. The operation is performed in eight days; and the inventors have requested permission to submit a specimen for the inspection of the Academy.

M. Geoffroy presented the first fasciculus of his 'Zoological Studies,' in which, amongst

other recently discovered animals, he describes three birds, natives of Patagonia, which were killed in that country by W. M. Dessalines d'Orbigny. The latter has collected some extremely interesting details of their habits, of which the following is an instance:—"On the 20th of March 1819, being then in the midst of the *Salina de Andres Paz*, I observed a small superstructure, which looked like a little island of earthenware, and rose apparently about a foot above the surface of the Salina. Upon asking my peon what this might be, he replied, that it was a group of flamingos' nests. Being anxious to examine them, I walked across the salty expanse, and, as I advanced, could not refrain from admiring its immense extent, which covered a space of more than five miles square; the whole of this lake of salt presented a surface of dense crystallized crust, six inches in thickness. At length I came to a halt; and here I found three thousand nests, so disposed as to form a small island in the centre of the lake. Each of them is a cone, about a foot and a half high, truncated and concave at the upper end, like a common nest, but without any plants in its structure. Every nest stands at twelve inches distance from those around it; nor can a more singular sight exist than this myriad of cones, all of similar form and height. I found several eggs still in the nests. My peon told me, that a large flight of flamingos alights on the spot every year for the purpose of building their nests; that the female sits across the nest to lay and hatch her eggs; and that those who dig the salt, collect and eat a great many of the eggs, as well as take away the young birds, the flesh of which, he said, was of exquisite flavour. The eggs are of a greenish hue, spotted with brown, and they are somewhat more than four inches in diameter."

At a subsequent stage of the proceedings, it was referred to M. Navier to report to the Academy on Babbage's "Economy of Machinery," &c.

FINE ARTS

'Fluden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works.'—We have seven of these illustrations at present before us, some of them are truly excellent, and all are picturesque. The portrait of Margarita Cogni is a very fine one; the eyes are soft, eloquent, and alluring, and the whole head has something graceful and noble about it. All that remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, is seen to advantage in the masterly sketch of Stanfield; more of a home-feeling is awakened by the sight of Patras; the view of Cape Colonna awakens many historic recollections, and the Plain of Troy many poetic ones. On the whole, these are not unworthy of their predecessors, and when we think of their price, we are surprised at their beauty.

'Illustrations of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, Part 5.'—Chapman & Hall.—This number contains five illustrations; the most beautiful of the landscapes is Inch Cailleach; the engraving, however, that will be most admired, is the head of Isabella de Croix, by Roehard; it has a look of the native land of the lady, and is voluptuous yet modest, and of great loveliness. The landscapes of this work are all real scenes, and those who desire to see without travelling, the hills and dales, and lakes, and castles, and ruins, where the author of Waverley wrought his enchantments, cannot do better than lay out half-a-crown on such a work.

'Heads of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.'—These are medallie heads in paper, inclosed in a frame of the same materials, very ingeniously executed, and not very unlike. They accompany the letter-press of a little publication of wild and romantic stories, such as the pages of our magazines readily supply.

'The English School of Painting and Sculpture.'—We have some half dozen numbers of this eighteen-penny publication before us, each containing six outlines of favourite works, accompanied by descriptive letter-press: it is impossible to be ill-natured when we think of the price; the letter press is not always to our taste, though many of the outlines are.

'Pyn's Pocket Sketching Companion.'—The four first numbers of this useful work contain all manner of attitudes and rustic costumes in very small space; it is the object of the artist to furnish beginners in painting with sketches from nature; the delineations are correct, and the positions natural; and we would advise young ladies, and young gentlemen too, who cannot always trust to their imagination for figures to people their landscapes, to have recourse to this publication.

'The Twopenny Portrait Gallery.'—Here we have two numbers of this publication; one contains a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and the other a likeness of young Napoleon; both are on wood, and both like, as far as the material will allow an approach to delicate portraiture. The head of Scott seems compounded from the portraits by Raeburn and Watson Gordon; the memoirs contain many interesting particulars, and, on the whole, we cannot think ill of the undertaking.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

A slight error crept into our announcement of the opening of this theatre last week. It commenced operations on Saturday last, "The Late Miss Mordaunt," as the bills persist in calling her, made her *apparition* in the part of *The Widow Cheerly*, in the cherry-ripe or rather cherry-rotten play of "The Soldier's Daughter." She was extremely well received, and acquitted herself *spiritually* in the lighter portions of her character, and *gracely* in the serious ones. There was hardly the *ghost* of a fault to find with her. Nothing, indeed, under the earth could be better than her acting. If anything could surpass the absurdity of the bill-concoctors continuing to style this pretty and lively lady "the late Miss Mordaunt," it would be the gravity with which one Paper has decided it on the ground of "precedent."—Mrs. Glover, says this *sapient* Journal, was announced after her marriage as "the late Miss Betterton." Why, if precedent were a sufficient authority for bad English, the Drury Lane bills may quote one another, and defy the world. The one before us now, after offering Mr. Stanley the equivocal compliment of saying, that he was received "with great favour," which the worst actor in the world might be, if it suited the audience, states, that he "will perform *Modus*, in 'The Hunchback,' this evening, and in the new tragedy on Monday next."—Query: Will the introduction of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's character of *Modus*, be considered by the author of the new tragedy as apropos? Talking of Mr. Knowles, we would just say to the Drury Lane Management, that if we had been *it*, and had had the want of sharpness to let so fine a play as "The Hunchback" slip through our fingers, and afterwards, the bad taste to bring it out (before people had half done laughing at us) against the theatre which bought and paid for it, we would, if we had paid the author nothing else, at least have paid him the courtesy of putting *Mr.* before his name.

On Monday last, a Mr. Stanley, from the Dublin Theatre, made his first appearance in London, as *Boatswain*. He has a tolerable person, and a good face, and has, besides, certain recommendations, which will make him useful in third-rate characters; but we fear he cannot sustain himself on the high ground he has taken. The more this gentleman improves himself, the better, and we will be among the first to acknowledge it—but we must beg him not to improve Shakespeare. What on earth could he mean by saying, "Her beauty hangeth on the cheek of night, like—" then, after a long pause, in which he made it evident, that he was hunting for a simile, adding, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear"? Another grievous fault was this—in saying to the *Friar*, "Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe," Mr. Stanley drew his finger across his throat, after the manner of the celebrated "Major Macpherson." Now, he must have been wrong one way or the other. Either he should not have "suited the action to the word" at all, or he should have struck the back of his neck with the edge of his open hand, and have delivered the line as follows: "Thou cut'st" (*chop*) "my head off" (*chop*) "with a golden axe," (*chop*)—and then have "made believe," as the children say, to let his head roll on the stage. Let not Mr. Stanley imagine, from our harmless joking, (it's a way we have,) that we bear him the slightest ill-will. He has a good deal of merit, and will, as we have before said, doubtless prove himself an acquisition to the theatre. A new tragedy is announced for Monday, and a new domestic drama will shortly be produced from the pen and ink of Mr. Jerrold, the successful author of "The Rent Day," &c.

COVENT GARDEN

Will commence on Monday with a young gentleman, of whom we gave the first announcement last Saturday, in *Shylock*, and with a new military spectacle by Mr. Planché, founded on an incident in the early life of the great Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Forrester is to enact the part of *Captain John Churchill*, and he will at all events look "the handsome Englishman," as the gallant officer was then called on the continent. We guess, as brother Jonathan would say, that he fought handsome too. "Green-room report" speaks well of the piece, and rapturously of the style in which it is being got up. Mr. Farley, accustomed as he is to Covent Garden grandeur and propriety of costume and decoration, is reported to have been transfixed with astonishment at the splendour of Mr. Laporte's direction upon the subject.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

We augur extremely well of a Mr. Haines, whom we saw in the character of *Richmond* the other evening. We liked him for his manly person and bearing—we liked him for his sensible delivery of his words—we liked him for not trying to make a great part out of a little one—and, above all, we liked him for the rare quality he possesses, of knowing how to stand still upon the stage. We heard a very good account of him in *De Valmont*, but did not see him in it. We shall watch him, for we suspect he is worth it. Mr. Kean was as impressive as ever in the quiet parts of *Richard*, and only failed in the more energetic portions from bodily weakness.

On Wednesday Mr. Anderson made his appearance here in *The Scarskier* in "The Siege of Belgrade"; he sang with much taste and feeling throughout, and was most encouragingly applauded. He acted the part, moreover, much better than it deserved. We once before caught a glimpse of Miss Turpin, but now we have had the pleasure of both seeing and hearing her. In truth it was a pleasure. She is an acquisition of value, if a sweetly pretty face, a good figure, a charming voice, a correct ear, a lady-like demeanor, good singing and good acting, can make her so. With care and attention, which she seems likely to use, there is nothing against and everything in favour of her shortly reaching the summit of her profession. The *Athenæum*,

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always a gallant paper, feels a particular pleasure in offering this interesting young lady its warmest congratulations.

MISCELLANEA

Cherubini.—We observe it announced in the Programme of the Royal Academy of Music at Paris, that the winter season 1832-1833 will be closed with an operatic piece in three acts, entitled ‘Ali-Baba, or, the Forty Thieves;’ the music to which is from the pen of Cherubini, and will probably be the last work which this eminent composer will bring before the public. The new pieces preparing likewise at the same house, are ‘The Oath,’ an opera in two acts ‘Natalia,’ the ballet so much admired on our own stage, and an opera, in five acts, with music by Auber.—*Cherubini* has passed the threshold of six score and ten, for he is at present in his seventy-second year; his imagination has, as might be expected, lost much of its ripeness, and he has of late years produced nothing beyond a few pieces of church music, which have been much admired, though more for their taste and harmony than any passages of striking originality. As a teacher, he has been instrumental in maturing the talents of many eminent composers of the present day; such as Meyerbeer, Herold, Auber, &c.

Calculating Boys.—There are now living in Sicily three boys, who appear to be equally gifted with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculations. At the head of the triumvirate stands Vincent Zuccherino, to whose extraordinary feats in calculation the public curiosity has of late been repeatedly directed. It would seem, from recent experience, that this youth possesses a mind capable of devoting itself with rare success to other branches of study besides the mathematics. Two years ago, he was ignorant even of his alphabet; but, in consequence of the pains taken with him by the Abbé Minardi, who has been engaged as his tutor, through the liberal interposition of the government and corporation of Palermo, he is at this moment able to read off-hand the most difficult of the Latin and Italian classics, and has given public proofs of the unprecedented extent of his acquirements. Two other boys, by name Ignatius Landolina and Joseph Puglisi have come forward to enter the lists against him. The former has not yet reached his tenth year, though he has already attended several public meetings, and resolved some of the abstrusest questions in the highest branch of geometry, which were put to him by professors Nobili, Scuderi, and Alessi, of the University of Catania. On these occasions, Landolina did not confine himself to a mere dry answer; but assigned the reason for the result, and entered acutely into the metaphysics of the science. The third child, Puglisi, who is seven years old, afforded no less striking and indisputable proofs of his extraordinary talent in giving off-hand answers to problems, which usually require tedious arithmetical calculations. It is remarkable to see him, in the very act of listening to a question and giving his solution, pursuing his pastimes like any other child, as if both the one operation and the other were matters of equal ease and unconcern to him. The precocious talents of these three infantine mathematicians would seem to indicate, that the spirit of Archimedes still lingers on its native soil. —(From a Sicilian Journal.)—Journal of Education for October.

An American version of the Children in the Wood.—(The ‘panther’ and the ‘tomahawk’ are original and characteristic.)—“On Thursday last,” says the *Western Enquirer U. S.*, “Jenison Alkire took with him his sister Elizabeth, and proceeded about three miles from home, for the purpose of watching a deer lick. They stayed all night at the lick, and Jenison killed a

deer. In the morning, finding his horse had left him, he prevailed on Elizabeth to stay at the camp with the deer, until he should go home and return with the horse. Jenison went home, returned with a horse, but found that his sister had left the camp. He called her in vain. He then hastened home and gave the alarm; the nearest neighbours were immediately convened, and proceeded in search of the child. Wm. London, David Alkire, and Joseph Burnett, (all good woodmen) ascertained which way she had started, pursued the trail through laurel thickets, over mountains that were almost impassable.

“She had pursued a pretty straight course until she got within a short distance of the settlement on Holly, through thickets that bears can scarcely penetrate, crossed the river upwards of sixty times, got within a very short distance of Mr. Thomas M. Hammond’s, where night overtook her. With a tomahawk, which she carried with her, she peeled the bark from the birch tree, scraped off the inside of the bark, and ate it. She then broke off the branches from some bushes, laid them in the bark for a bed; collected some more, of which she made a covering; peeled the bark off a hickory withie, tied one end round the neck of a dog which accompanied her, and the other end round her wrist, and in this manner laid down in her couch of bark, and slept all night. When they found her she seemed to be perfectly composed, and showed no signs of alarm.

“The girl is eight or nine years old, and must have travelled 20 miles, through a wilderness, rough and dreary enough to dishearten and alarm the most robust and resolute.

“She satisfactorily explained the cause of her having left the deer, by stating, that while Jenison was absent, a panther came and laid hold of it. Notwithstanding the hideous appearance of this unexpected visitor, she had the courage and presence of mind to advance and untie the dog before she took to flight.”

State of the Russian Army.—The following interesting extract we translate from ‘*Russia wie es ist*,’ or ‘Russia as she is,’ by M. Kaiser, published last year at Leipzig. “The spirit of the army depends in a great measure on that of its chiefs. During the latter years of Alexander, an extremely severe state of discipline oppressed the army of the west under Count Sacken; the merest trifle was sufficient to degrade the most honourable officers; and the orders of the day, which were announced several times every week, regularly contained the names of number of officers that had been degraded for insubordination or incapacity. They were condemned to the ranks, or, if they complained, to be sent to prison or to Siberia. A system of espionage, of which even the officers consented to be the agents, destroyed all familiarity between brothers in arms. The Germans, in particular, appointed by Field Marshal Barklay de Tolly, and by the influence of his wife, to nearly all the chief posts in the army, excited the jealousy of the Russians, which sometimes displayed itself in the most unequivocal manner. General Yermelon, entering one day into the ante-chamber of the Field-Marshal, where a numerous body of officers was assembled, bowed very politely, and said,—‘Is there no one present who can speak Russian, and announce me to the Field-Marshal?’ In the army of the south, under the command of Count Wittgenstein, the discipline was milder, and a greater degree of intimacy prevailed among the officers; on this account it was looked on with anxiety and suspected of revolutionary intrigues, and, in 1825, this was proved to have been to a certain degree well founded. At the same period there were disturbances in the Lithuanian regiments, under the command of Constantine; these were, of course, put down, and the only consequence was, the death of

some of the conspirators. A young girl, at whose brother’s some of the officers had been in the habit of meeting, was implicated in the unfortunate affair, which was inquired into by the commission of Bielystock. At the moment when the conspirators were arrested, she seized some papers and threw them into the fire; she herself was then taken up, and condemned to lose one of her hands.”

METERELOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Month.	Temperature.	Winds.	Weather.
W.M. Min.	Max. Min.	Nom.	
Th. 20	68 42	30.40	W. to N. W. Clear.
Fr. 21	67 46	Stat.	Var. to E. Cloudy.
Sat. 22	61 47	Stat.	E. Ditto.
Sun. 23	75 44	30.36	S.E. Clear.
Mon. 24	81 44	Stat.	Var. to S. Ditto.
Tues. 25	85 47	Stat.	S. Ditto.
Wed. 26	80 47	30.27	Var. Ditto.

Precipitating Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cloudless towards the end of the week. Stratus cloud in the evenings. Nights and Mornings fair. Meteors frequent on clear nights.

Mean temperature of the week, 63.5°

Day decreased on Wednesday, 4h. 42 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall, by E. J. Carlos, one of the Committee for the Preservation of the Structure, with several embellishments.

Lord Nugent has in the press, a letter to Mr. Murray, on the Review of his “Memorials of Hampden,” in the last Quarterly.

Life of Wallenstein, from original and edited documents, by Professor J. M. Schottky.

A Treatise on Inflammation, by G. Rogerson.

Shudy, the Amulet for 1833, the engravings are from paintings by Lawrence, Wilkie, Newton, Mulready, &c.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

The Forget-Me-Not, with engravings from Martin, Leslie, Prout, &c.

The Geographical Annual for 1833.

The Biblical Annual, uniform with the Geographical. Records of my Life, by the late John Taylor, Esq., author of ‘Monsieur Tonson,’ is just ready,

Our Island, comprising two tales, entitled, Forgery, and The Lunatic.

The Lives and Exploits of celebrated Banditti and Robbers in all parts of the World, by Charles Macfarlane, Esq.

The Spinsters Web.

Kidd’s Picturesque Pocket Companion to Hastings, with Illustrations by G. W. Bonner. Also, Kidd’s Picturesque Pocket Companion to St. Leonard’s, with engravings by Bonner.

The Rev. R. Cattermole is preparing for publication, Becket, an Historical Tragedy; The Men of England, an Ode; and other poems.

Supplement (1832-3) to Pope’s Merchant, Ship-owner, and Shipmaster’s Import and Export Guide—nearly ready.

Just published.—Vortigern, a Play, 3s. 6d.—Valpy’s Classical Library, No. XXXI. IV. 4s. 6d.—The Pilgrim of Erin, 4s.—Christ our Example, 12mo. 6s.—Lafayette, Louis-Philippe, and Revolution of 1830, 2 vols. post 8vo. 9s.—Landscape Annual, 1833, 21s.—Landscape Album, 15s.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. IX. 5s.—Whistle-Binkie, a collection of Songs, 32mo. 1s.—Sigist’s Synopsis of Stenography, on Sheet, 5s.—Grandmama’s Conversations Familières, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Bishop Hall’s Three Centuries of Meditations, &c. 2 vols. Part I. 1s.—Edgeworth’s Tales, Vol. IV. 5s.—Useful and Ornamental Planting, 8vo. 3s.—Orem’s Description of Old Aberdeen, 3s. 6d.—The Book of the Constitution, 8vo. 6s.—Pollock on Universal Principle, 8vo. 3s.—Lardiner’s Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXXV. 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Nir Walter Scott.—A copious Memoir of the Author of *Waverley*, interspersed with Extracts from Unpublished Letters, &c., by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, will appear in the *Athenæum* of next Saturday, being written expressly for this Paper.

“A Constant Reader” at Brighton, should apply to his bookseller or newsman, and not us for his neglect with the penalty of postage. Copies ought to be delivered there on Saturday evening, or early on Monday at latest—but we have nothing to do with their distribution.

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